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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

JAMES AGATE
By J. B. Priestley

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 425
EQUAL PAY . . . . . 427
MARSHALL'S GIFT-HORSE . . . . . 428
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . . . 429
THIS ENGLAND . . . . . 429
WINDOW TO THE WEST . . . . . 430
EGYPT'S POLICY. By George Bilainkin . . 430
JAMES AGATE. By J. B. Priestley . . . 431
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West . 432
The Theatre . . . . . 432
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 432
Ballet . . . . . 433
Harringay. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . 433
THE DUAL KINGDOM. By Sagittarius . . 433
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . 433
From: Geoffrey Bing, M.P.; Rev. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright; Joan H. M. Roe; Donald Gilchrist; R. Bradshaw; J. R. Morris; Roger Fulford; Tom Driberg, M.P.; Margot E. Eates; P. Denis Goodall; and L. Rosenberg.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By John Morris . Page 436
REVIEWS:
Yugoslav Saga. By Kingsley Martin . . 437
Old Wine in New Bottles. By John Lawrence 437
The Causes of War. By W. J. H. Sprott . 438
The Rock Pool. By Raymond Mortimer . 439
Too Much Knowledge. By Leonard Woolf 439
Witches and Roundheads. By H. N. Brailsford . . . . . 440
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 440
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . . . 442

## BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY

MR. MARSHALL'S speech at Harvard was the first sign of American statesmanship since the death of Roosevelt. Up till last March, American policy had been steadily moving from the idea of a horse-deal with the Russians, with which Mr. Byrnes went to Moscow in 1945, to the dollar crusade against Communism which was the central thesis of the President's message to Congress on the loan to Greece and Turkey. The excuse for that message was that nothing except at Red scare would induce Americans to undertake large-scale overseas commitments.

But it soon became clear to the careful observer that the Truman doctrine was arousing as much alarm as enthusiasm. The Gallup Poll showed that about two-thirds of the American people favoured constructive efforts to reach agreement with Soviet Russia and that only thirty per cent welcomed the all-out anti-Russian line. Moreover, Mr. Wallace, despite the vitriolic press campaign against his speeches in England, has been drawing enormous and enthusiastic crowds during his nation-wide tour. In a pre-election year this is one of the explanations for the gradual shift away from the harsh crudities of the Truman doctrine, which has been shown in the successive pronouncements of such impeccable anti-Communists as Dean Acheson, Walter Lippmann and Harold Stassen. Now Mr. Marshall has put the whole weight of his personal prestige and of his office behind the view that America's task is not merely to fight a war of ideology but to use her wealth to help rebuild Europe.

In assessing this revision of the Truman doctrine, we must observe that it is expressed in generalised terms. It may still have political tags: indeed, in view of the fiercely anti-Russian attitude of the State Department and of the Chiefs of Staff, this is almost inevitable. This explains, no doubt, the extreme caution with which the Foreign Secretary has so far responded to it. The precipitate welcome proffered by press officers in 10, Downing Street was quickly followed by an extremely cautious pronouncement from the Foreign Office, which indicated clearly enough the importance now attached to the improvement of British relations with the Soviet Union and with the countries of Eastern Europe. This caution is wholly praiseworthy. On Mr. Bevin's reaction to Mr. Marshall's offer depends very largely whether American assistance will be used to unify or to divide Europe.

Paradoxically enough, the strongest factor on the side of sanity is the economic situation in America. Business men are watching uneasily the gathering signs of a coming recession; and far-sighted men like Mr. Vinson realise that American prosperity will crash if Europe is permitted to run dry of dollars. What is needed now to save American Big Business is a New Deal which will prime the pump and save the forgotten men, not in the U.S.A., but in Europe. Dollars spent on re-arming Greek and Turkish armies are dollars wasted. What American Business requires is not a world armed to the teeth against Russia, but a world too busy on reconstruction to listen to Communist propaganda.

Europe's opportunity is above all Britain's opportunity. Mr. Marshall has very wisely left it to us Europeans to make our own united proposals for the form in which American assistance should be forthcoming. Instead of doling out driblets of dollars for each individual country, as a sort of poor law relief, he has rightly demanded a European initiative; and he has been careful not to exclude in advance the nations of Eastern Europe. This gives Mr. Bevin a supreme chance to put forward those proposals for European reconstruction without which the Government's domestic programme is almost meaningless.

The obvious body, in which to work out these proposals, is the European Economic Commission, whose feeble infancy Mr. McNeill has been patiently nursing for some months. At first the Russians were suspicious of it. But after Poland and Czechoslovakia had taken a courageous decision to participate, the Russians, too, came in. Up till now it has achieved little. Here is the chance to make it a reality.

By working through the European Economic Commission we should also ensure that the German problem is seen in its proper perspective. There is a danger at present that American materials and food will be poured into Western Germany to the exclusion of other countries in equal need. Ultimately a healthy Germany is only possible in a united Europe; and we can only prevent German reconstruction from becoming a menace to European peace by integrating it into European reconstruction. We believe that in the period before the Foreign Ministers meet in November America should assume financial responsibility for all imports into the three Western Zones. But this investment will only bear dividends if it is planned to culminate in the fusion of the four Zones.

American public opinion is susceptible to suggestion. It may either be swayed back into a sterile anti-Communism or led forward into a new constructive approach. It is precisely here that the British attitude may be decisive. A Tory Government would succumb to the temptation of acquiring desperately needed dollars at the cost of subordinating Britain to an anti-Russian economic strategy. The Labour Government must adopt a more difficult course. It must make it perfectly clear that we can be party to no plan which hardens the present division of Europe into a permanent system of ideological blocs. We believe that the American people would not worry too much about the controversy between free enterprise and Socialism if we presented it with bold proposals for social engineering which cut across national frontiers and make possible an economically united Europe. At Margate, Mr. Bevin expressed his enthusiasm for Alpine hydro-electric plans to be jointly carried out by France, Switzerland, Italy and Yugoslavia. Let him extend his vision to the transport and power of the whole sub-continent.

It may be objected that the dollar crisis will hit us before blue-prints for these grandiose projects can be prepared. But short-term aid will be dollars down the drain unless it is part of a long-term plan of reconstruction which gives to all of us the sense that there is a future worth working for. It is in this spirit that Mr. Marshall's speech should be received and the answer to it framed.

## Communism v. Dollar Diplomacy

Since the announcement of the Truman Doctrine, the political battle has intensified in Eastern Europe. The Communists have paid off an old score against America in Hungary, where, as Mr. Hoover's lieutenants have boasted, the Bela Kun regime was ousted as much by an American food blockade as by foreign armies. This time Russia is determined to set up governments friendly to her before the peace treaties are ratified and her troops have to move. That, no doubt, explains the Soviet procrastination over the Austrian Treaty and the present obscure manœuvres of the Socialists and Communists in Vienna. Of Hungary, only the very simple-minded will accept the story of the documents said to implicate the Prime Minister: Russian methods are more crude and dramatic than American. But some sort of plot there probably was; and it is not only the Communists, but also the Socialists, not to speak of many members of the Smallholders Party, who would support any steps taken to prevent a counter-revolution in Budapest. In Italy, on the other hand, the dollar is still uppermost, and the Communists who have denounced Signor Gasperi as the tool of dollar diplomacy are now reported to be supporting a dollar loan which cannot but be popular with a public as hard-pressed as the Italian.

## The American Hemisphere

The defence of the North and South Americas against Communism is a common platform for all but a minority of the governments in the hemisphere. The fine democratic phrases of the Act of Chapultepec have provided a respectable cover for regimes which have flouted them in the letter and in the spirit. Washington is trying to establish a standard system of defence—armed, of course, with the products of war factories in the United States—and appears quite satisfied with the energetic suppression of Communists in Brazil and even of democrats in certain countries. As if to celebrate the final collapse of the wartime policy which disapproved of President Perón and those who aped him throughout the continent, its chief proponent, Mr. Spruille Braden, has resigned. Mr. Braden was U.S. Assistant Secretary of State in charge of South American affairs and ever since he was ambassador in Buenos Aires—and the chief object of Perón's electoral vituperation—he has refused to believe that hemispheric geography is more important than hemispheric politics or that a neighbour is necessarily a good and democratic neighbour. The State Department has now been cleared of all the officials responsible for cool relations towards Perón and similar anti-Communist demagogues. At the same time, Perón himself has had a meeting with President Dutra of Brazil designed to establish closer relations between the two chief claimants for leadership among the South American republics. But the price that the United States will have to pay for marshalling Latin America into the anti-Communist parade may well be a further increase in the power of Argentina—now the third most important capitalist nation in the hemisphere. In the long run, that might easily turn to the disadvantage of Washington.

## Passage from India

The announcement of the latest British proposals in India, some expected, would be the signal for even worse outbreaks of violence. Instead, the political atmosphere has calmed. The North-West Frontier Province has become almost quiet. In the Punjab there have been only sporadic and minor disturbances, while from Bengal nothing untoward at all has been reported. India has reacted well to the appeals of her leaders and has sunk her differences, for the moment at least, in relief at the prospect of the first definite agreement for years. With the almost unreserved acceptance of the plan by the All-India Muslim League Council, and the slightly more qualified acquiescence in it of the Akali Sikhs, the biggest obstacles to success have already been removed. Gandhi, too, after heart-searchings, and indications that he might maintain the fight for unity indefinitely, has now reiterated his belief in British sincerity, of vital importance in Anglo-Indian relations, and advised his followers to abide by the Congress decision. For this encouraging and spectacular turn of events credit has been rightly given to the British Government and the Viceroy. But praise is also due in high measure to the Indian leaders themselves. Each of them has in greater or lesser degree thrown overboard the arguments and objectives of many years of agitation. A new statesmanship has been born which justifies a moderate optimism for the future solidity and stature of the new Indian States. If the problems of the Boundary Commissions are tackled in the same realistic and accommodating spirit, the British passage from India may be smoother than anyone had dared hope.

## French Railway Strike

The wretched British travellers, marooned in the wilderness beyond Calais, naturally excited public sympathy. Very little had been said about the grievances of the French railway workers whose strike had paralysed passenger transport, had begun to dislocate both production and distribution, and had offered the most formidable challenge to the French Government. At first, M. Ramadier had refused to give way, though his Socialist colleague, M. Jules Moch, had proudly claimed credit for his moderation in hesitating to mobilise the strikers after the fashion of the Third Republic. M. Ramadier not only insisted that the strike was endangering economic recovery but also believed that the workers had a public duty to call it off, since the railways are owned by the State and not by private capital. He therefore refused to negotiate while the strike lasted. The railwaymen's union, on the contrary, argued that it did not officially call for the strike and that the men would take little notice if it appealed to them to return to work pending consideration of their claims. How was this deadlock broken? The union first asked President Auriol to intervene, but he refused to override the policy of the Prime Minister. Concessions were necessary on both sides. Neither the Government, on the one hand, nor the Communists and the C.G.T. on the other, could afford to let the strike get out of hand. In the end, M. Ramadier had to abandon his original position and concede a general wage increase—a settlement now hailed as a victory for the whole French working-class. It will certainly make it more difficult for the Cabinet to refuse wage advances in other industries.

## The Egyptian Deadlock

In an interview on another page, Nokrashi Pasha states the Egyptian case against Great Britain at considerable length. It is noteworthy, here as always, how dominantly questions of prestige affect the Egyptian mind. The Egyptian Prime Minister is well aware that his public utterances must be tuned to the present pitch of nationalist feeling. He is therefore less concerned about the substance of the issues involved than about the appearances of Egyptian inferiority. He recognises, for instance, the need for foreign assistance in the development of the Egyptian Army, but nationalist feeling, which is predominantly anti-British, demands that he should invite the Americans to send a Mission instead of accepting continued British aid. So too with the question of the Sudan. It is doubtful whether any Egyptian seriously contemplates a British withdrawal. What they desire is a formula which satisfies national pride but, in Nokrashi's words, "would not commit the British to any course." Such formulae, as Lord Stansgate found, are exceedingly difficult to formulate. In his concluding observation, the Prime Minister refers to the danger of Egyptian public opinion, exasperated by the British, transferring its friendship to the Soviet Union. This is the normal threat of the Middle-Eastern politician when he fails to extort what he wants from Britain. In view of Stalin's recent assurances to Mr. Bevin and M. Gromyko's attitude on the Palestine problem, it need not be taken too seriously. What the Egyptians really have to choose between is the maintenance of friendship with Britain or the acceptance of an exclusive American hegemony throughout the Middle East.

## Manpower Prospects

The current *Ministry of Labour Gazette* contains an important forecast of the probable changes in the working population of Great Britain over the next few years. The outstanding tendencies revealed are the prospective change in age-distribution and—at first sight more surprisingly—a prospective fall in the number and proportion of women workers. By the end of 1951 the number of men of working age (15-64) will be very slightly higher than at present, whereas the number of women of working age (15-59) will have fallen by nearly 200,000, as a consequence of the changing age-distribution. The total number of persons of working age will be down by about 100,000; and there is about the same anticipated fall in the number actually available for work. It appears that, even with the Armed Forces included among the workers, the proportion of all men aged 15-64 actually available for work has fallen from 92 in 1939 to 89.5 at the end of 1946—a fall due to such abnormal causes as demobilisation leave and "spivery." Assuming a return to work at a proportion intermediate between these extremes, the Ministry of Labour anticipates a working force of men including 225,000 fewer under 40, and 485,000 more over 40; whereas for women it assumes a fall in both age-groups under 40—of 230,000 in those under 24, and of 125,000 in those between 25 and 39, with no change in the numbers over 40. These figures do not include domestic servants: the fall expected among women is largely due to a higher marriage rate and increased domestic responsibilities. These calculations suggest that there is no reservoir of available women except the already depleted number of domestic servants.

## Patent Medicines

With the coming of a comprehensive Health Service, the Pharmaceutical Society has again raised the question of the sale and advertising of proprietary medicines and has furnished the Minister of Health with a report which is the result of five years' study. The Society suggests that unless the Minister takes the opportunity now to assume statutory powers of control, the new service will be severely handicapped and prejudiced from the start; a golden era for commercial charlatanism will result. It is a strong case. Many "patent medicines" make false and exaggerated claims, backed by phoney testimonials and pseudo-scientific jargon, and they are sold at exorbitant cost. This "trade in fear" helps to keep many ill-balanced people disease-conscious. The only point of doubt in the Society's formidable indictment is whether it is right in suggesting that despite the voluntary efforts on self-restraint on the part of newspapers, advertisers, chemists and manufacturers themselves, the position is really almost as bad as when the Select Committee on this subject published its report over thirty years ago. The solution is not simple. Everyone can think of a dozen familiar and helpful products which are decently advertised. If the Minister takes the suggested power (which certainly seems desirable) can he do much more than prohibit the worst offenders? Meanwhile journals wishing to maintain an ethical standard must decide whether to choose such advertising as seems harmless, or to shut out bad and good alike.

## PARLIAMENT: Critics Allowed

*Wednesday*

After Ernie Bevin's horrific homily on the disloyalty of criticism and his demand that he must be accepted or rejected entire, Labour M.P.s might have been justified in wondering what their functions really were. It must have been a relief to many who attended the Margate Conference to find in their post-bag last Saturday a document from the Liaison Committee of the Parliamentary Party which wore a somewhat different aspect. In it they were advised "to avoid the idea that there is something disreputable or dangerous in having open differences of view in our ranks"; and further informed that "the purpose of our machinery should be . . . to secure adequate and frank discussion of them in a manner which will not do injury to the authority of the Government . . ." To this end it is proposed that special attention shall be paid to the views of newly organised regional groups of M.P.s who will be regarded as better sounding boards of opinion than the full party meeting or the specialised policy groups. By such an arrangement the Government can be forewarned of the movements of feeling before they come to an amorphous and nearly uncontrollable head in the Party meeting, and avoid the danger of assuming the views of a specialist minority to be representative of the whole. It is a step forward in Labour Party history officially to recognise the respectability of criticism and the need for meeting it in good time.

With quiet reasoning and effectiveness Tom Williams got a smooth passage for the Third Reading of his Agricultural Bill on Monday, demonstrating that courteous explanation saves Parliamentary time and allays suspicions. Further Labour progress in the rural areas will owe much to his sympathy towards the farming community. George Brown added colour and knowledge to the Minister's introduction, and the House moved on to consideration of the House of Lords Bill for the control of Penicillin. Tory back-benchers decided to show, for once an independence of their spiritual home, and talked it out. Or perhaps it was in sympathy with their Lordships, who this week began, with obvious irritation, to sit until eleven o'clock at night and registered their protest by defeating the Government three times on Tuesday.

When the Chancellor at last declared his intention on Tuesday to allow cigarettes at reduced prices to old-age pensioners, it fell curiously flat. Gallacher and Kirkwood kept the flag flying, but the House showed more enthusiasm for Dalton's statistics showing the decline of home-grown tobacco from 276 lb. in 1937 to 2 lb. in 1946. In the discussion on other clauses of the Finance Bill Eccles and Callaghan were the stars among the junior performers. Both have (to the layman) an amazing grasp of complicated details and a pleasing lucidity in expounding them; and both, to everyone's delight, are adept at proving the other wrong. On post-war credits one suggestion in a two-minute speech from Allpass may find favour with the Chancellor. The proposal to pay post-war credits to widows where the estate of the husband is less than £2,000, has the happy merit of pointing to an easily definable class.

Some excitement was caused at Questions on two occasions by a number of Members who became aware of the fact (known for several weeks to everyone else interested in the subject) that recalcitrant Poles were being deported to Germany. Crookshank, Silverman and Beamish were a strangely united trio. Chuter Ede finally restored order with a characteristically sane statement proving that not only was he acting legally but also sensibly.

Those patient enough to stay late on Thursday night were rewarded by an insight into the statistics behind the statistics. Swingler by careful research had found that a million men of working age were not recorded as working in any industry, business or profession. They must either live on unearned incomes or be "spivs." Ness Edwards went one better and produced another quarter of a million with no known means of subsistence. But the joint conclusion was that even if they were all traced, no one could do anything about it. It is not illegal to be a "spiv"—just reprehensible.

Phineas Tertius

# EQUAL PAY

The Chancellor's statement on equal pay was in the circumstances inevitable. He reasserted the Government's acceptance of the principle, but refused to accept the single word "immediately," which gave the sting to the resolution passed at Margate. On the other hand, he did not deny the anomalies or exclude the possibility of a "token" concession before the next General Election.

It is, of course, simple enough to lay down that teachers, or Civil Service administrators, or other professional workers shall receive "the rate for the job" irrespective of sex; and also that fee-charging professionals subject to a fixed code shall charge the same fees, whether they be men or women; but it has to be understood that charging the same fees does not necessarily mean on the average that women will earn as much as men.

In effect, the difficulties in the way of equal pay for men and women are least in the higher professions, to which many of the women who have been leaders in the demand for it belong. Even in these professions, in which standard rates are by no means fully applicable, salaries are sometimes fixed for particular posts at levels at which, though there is no formal sex discrimination it is pretty well understood that only women of the required calibre are at all likely to apply. There is, however, only one real obstacle to applying the principle at once to all teachers (it applies in University teaching already), to all administrative Civil Servants and local government offices, and to the corresponding groups in banks, insurance houses, and large business concerns. That obstacle, of course, is the cost, which would fall with exceptional heaviness on the Government and the local authorities at a time when both are pretty hard pressed.

Or, rather, this is the only obstacle on the assumption that the concession of equal pay would not need to be extended at once to other groups. If it did have to be widely extended, a second obstacle would at once come into play. The concession would increase total incomes available for spending, without any parallel increase in the supply of goods and services. It would, therefore, just now, have some inflationary tendency, though not perhaps enough to matter greatly unless the extension was wide, or led to serious indirect efforts in demands for higher wages and salaries elsewhere.

It is in industry that the real, as distinct from the financial, difficulties of applying the principle mainly arise. Outside the textile industries, instances of men and women working side by side in the same factories on precisely the same jobs are not at all numerous. There used to be many instances of the same kind of work being done in one factory by women and in another by men; but wartime shortage of male labour has greatly reduced the number of these "overlap" jobs. In the main textile industries equal piece-rates for men and women are usually in force; but in most branches this does not lead to equal earnings. The men, on the average, earn a good deal more than the women, either because they operate more machines or because they are in fact engaged on more complicated operations (e.g., elaborate pattern-weaving). In the engineering and other metal trades, even where men and women operate the same types of machine, the men usually set-up their own machines, whereas the women in most cases do not.

In time-working trades there are usually different rates for men and women, and this also applies to a number of pieceworking trades in which wages are fixed by wages councils (formerly trade boards). In a good many cases the work done by the two sexes actually differs, even if they are nominally working in the same trades; but there are plenty of instances in which there is, at any rate, some admixture of the sexes on the same, or nearly comparable, jobs. Now, suppose in all these cases rates for time-workers were made equal for men and women, whereas no changes were made in cases in which equal piece-rates are already in force. The consequence would be that a number of relatively unskilled women on time-work would be getting more than a number of relatively skilled women on piece-work, with the unavoidable effect that the latter would demand increases, or at any rate the concession of a higher guaranteed basic time-rate.

Or take the distributive trades, in which men and women both work as shop assistants, at different time-rates. The proportion of men to women varies a great deal between trades, e.g., between butchers' and drapers' shops. Thus, the concession of equal rates—presumably those at present paid to men—would affect costs much more in some trades than in others; and there would also be difficulty in deciding which assistants were in fact doing the same type of work.

Yet again, the age-distribution is widely different for men and women engaged both in industry and in distributive and commercial occupations. In some of the latter (but hardly at all in industry) there are incremental wage-scales, under which, even with equal pay, men's wages would continue to average more than women's. This might be an advantage, but how would it fit in with industries in which no similar incremental scales exist? There, young women without family responsibilities would be getting as much, where engaged on the same work, as senior men with families and long service; and a sense of injustice would necessarily arise, unless family allowances could be raised to a level at which they would cover the extra cost of family maintenance, including that of the wife. Such an innovation, however desirable, is clearly out of the question just now, where any large addition to the volume of purchasing power would be merely self-defeating.

These difficulties are raised, not by way of opposition to the principle of equal pay—on the contrary, we are in favour of it—but in order to point out how very complicated are the adjustments which it is bound in practice to involve. "Equal pay" and "the rate for the job" are, in principle, right and just; but their introduction into the general run of industries would involve tearing up established wage systems by the roots and entering upon most complicated processes of negotiation for new ones. The simple problem of determining in which cases the work done by men and women is so nearly alike that the wage (time or piece?) should be the same would by itself involve an immense amount of argument; and it is quite beyond belief that the women who were adjudged not to be doing the same jobs as men would agree to go on working at much lower wages than those who were raised to the higher rates for men's-and-women's jobs.

What, then, is the solution? Some will answer that equal pay ought to be introduced at once over the entire range of professional and clerical work to which it can be fairly easily applied on the assumption that the cost can be borne, and that a beginning should be made in the more difficult fields into which there is now an urgent need to attract a larger number of women. But is it practicable to go at once even to quite this length? Even for teachers and for Civil Servants can it be merely a matter of giving the women the existing men's rates? Is it not desirable to consider the alternative of basic salaries equal for both sexes, but supplemented not only by seniority increments but also by family allowances in excess of the general scale? This clearly could not be done by a stroke of the pen; it would need careful working out. And in the clerical, as distinct from the professional and administrative, branches of the public service there are many more cases in which there is room for argument whether the men and women concerned are in fact doing similar work.

Nevertheless, women's wages and salaries are clearly almost everywhere too low in relation to men's even though the war has done something

to bring them closer together in a great many cases. Therefore it would be wrong for the Government to meet the decision of the Margate Labour Party Conference with a mere negative. A beginning must be made, both in the public services and in industry; but it must be recognised that the full change is bound to be spread—for reasons of sheer complexity as well as on financial grounds and on grounds of shortage of consumers' goods—over a considerable period. The Government cannot afford, by granting the demand in full to all classes of public employees, to set going all the repercussions on private employment that would inevitably follow; but it can afford to take a first step and to induce industrial employers and Trade Unions to begin working out the implications of a reform to which they will certainly have to adjust themselves before very long.

Would not the case be met by granting to women Civil Servants and women teachers, whether or not they are working on the same jobs as men, an increment that would bring them nearer to the comparable men's rates, and to do so explicitly for that purpose? We suggest that this should be done for all women Civil Servants, because the question whether men and women are doing the same or different jobs is in truth largely irrelevant to the underlying issue, which is that women in general are paid too little in comparison with men.

There are, of course, much greater difficulties in the way of applying any such principle to private employment, for fear of giving employers a reason to prefer the unmarried or the childless. These difficulties were argued over again and again when family allowances were still in the stage of propaganda, and it was generally agreed that if, in private employment, the wage was to include an allowance element, the cost, unless borne by the State, would have to be equalised by some sort of compulsory levy over an entire trade, or perhaps over all employers. It may become necessary to take up this and other related issues again; but that need not prevent the Government from taking a first step in the case of its own employees and of the teachers, or from urging wages councils and other wage-negotiating bodies to reconsider the relative levels of men's and women's wages with a view to closer approximation and to the possibility of a wider application of incremental seniority scales. At all events, something should be done here and now, even if, in face of all the obstacles, it may have to be much less than most of the Labour Party's active supporters would like it to be.

## MARSHALL'S GIFT—HORSE

*(By Cable from a Washington Correspondent)*

ABOUT two weeks ago everyone in this leafy city suddenly became infected with a kind of political hay fever: it seemed no one could open his mouth or set pen to paper except to discuss one thing—the idea of an over-all plan for European reconstruction financed by America. Columnists, diplomats, senators, members of the Administration, all with obvious accord, began canvassing the pros and cons, the evident advantages and too-evident difficulties of this wonderful new proposal. What form should it take and what conditions, if any, be attached to it? Could Congress conceivably be got to accept it? What would Europe's reactions be? What would, or should, be its limits and real purposes? Plainly this epidemic of argument was no accident. When newsmen turned up hopefully at a conference held by General Marshall and asked questions intended to draw him, the only crumb for their hunger was his statement that the Kennan planning committee were at that moment engaged on a survey of the world's economic needs, coupled with a could-be contradictory remark that he did not foresee any immediate prospect of aid to any further countries. But a few days later—rather sooner than generally expected, and before a surprised academic audience—the mine was detonated. Marshall fired off his now famous Harvard address, and a new international project was born.

Its birth put some of the questions to rest, but has left the most important still to be answered. Tentative European reactions at once began to trickle across the Atlantic, but nothing solid in the way of response can be expected until America's own reactions—and intentions—have been much more clearly revealed. On the face of it, Marshall's statement constituted, with one fundamental query, a lucid, sympathetic definition of Europe's problems and needs and a constructive and remarkably generous offer to solve them with American aid. This initiative could develop into the most crestive international idea since Lend-Lease—even more so, indeed, for its purpose is to build, not destroy. Every sensible man knows the desperate need for a more closely-integrated Europe alike for its recovery and its future stability, and there are both wisdom and justice in making self-adjustment the price of American help. Here is something of a totally different order from the so-called "doctrine" of Mr. Truman, which the more modest of his admirers still have the grace to spell with a small "d." But what we still need to know are the tags to be attached to the offer. On this Mr. Marshall only generalised: negatively, the policy is "not directed against any policy or doctrine"; positively, any government "willing to assist in the task of recovery" may expect U.S. co-operation; any government "which manoeuvres to block the recovery of other countries," or which "seeks to perpetuate human misery in order to profit therefrom politically or otherwise," may expect none. Such propaganda phrases could be adjusted to fit almost any purpose—including, of course, a powerful extension of simple anti-Sovietism. One can make no true assessment of the plan's validity or prospects of success until one knows its intended end-product.

On this all-important point, what clues can be detected here at this moment? The more enlightened people connected with the Government speak, if somewhat tentatively, of including Eastern European countries. There is a good deal of debate about reviving Lend-Lease as the most efficient means of doing the job, and quite a body of opinion is in favour of carrying out the whole scheme through Uno. One highly qualified observer, now out of Government service, gives his private opinion that Russia should be brought into the discussions and invited to participate from the start. Lippmann holds the same view. Unfortunately, there is weighty evidence to balance against such thinking. There is, to begin with, the obvious fact that at the very time when the Marshall scheme is being put forward the State Department is pursuing from day to day a policy so clearly conditioned by distrust of Russia that it gives support to reactionaries without distinction and now finds no trace of Fascism in the immaculate Peron. There are other equally unpromising indications. Hoover's demand for a separate peace with Western Germany finds highly placed Republican backers, some of whom (without naming names) mentally extend this proposal most disturbingly. For the first time one begins to hear almost complacent speculation on the chances of Russia withdrawing from Uno. Even such a progressive as Stassen thinks that further U.S. aid to Europe should be conditional on no more Socialism—and in this he includes both Britain and the Ruhr. The widespread readiness in this country to make virtually no distinction between Socialism and Communism could ruin all prospects of the Marshall scheme if it attempted to make the condition of help that Europe should accept an American form of economy. Unfortunately, there is no doubt that at least such a desire is active in minds that should know better.

The most obvious superficial obstacle, on this side, to the whole conception is the current reactionary mood of Congress, intent on economising everywhere, and the vague nostalgia for isolationism in the country which, to some extent, this reflects. The demand that if large sums are to be spent on development they should be spent here at home is in some ways a hard one to answer. It may even seem surprising that in so frigid a climate the Administration should dare to launch the proposal, with a Presidential Election pending and all. But there is some ground for believing that perhaps this temperature may soon improve, though not perhaps always for the best reasons. The pressure of trade recession may make unexpected converts to a plan which, by turning out goods for Europe, would help to hold up production and employment; and, as Marshall himself says, the consequences of European collapse to the economy of the United States "should be apparent to all." They should indeed. Both economically and politically, America has everything to gain from a rehabilitated Europe, as any American will in principle agree. And if the alternative looks like a gift to Communism, then many Americans, who otherwise certainly wouldn't, can probably be made to agree in practice as well.

But if the prospects of American acceptance of the plan are complex and dubious, what are those of acceptance by Europe—from whom the main initiative must come? We Europeans must not be charged with ingratitude for looking a handsome gift-horse in the mouth until we know whether it is indeed a thoroughbred, or merely a Trojan imitation filled with dollar bills to impose an American settlement on Western Europe by means of a dollar Occupation. Is the Marshall plan a serious—and in that case a morally and politically magnificent — attempt to integrate Europe as a move in the direction of One World? Or is it another move in the direction of two antagonistic worlds? We may know the answer when we know more about the nature of the organisation through which General Marshall proposes the plan shall be administered. Will he be willing to use the Economic Commission for Europe? Here is a most suitable instrument ready to hand and waiting desperately for work to do. It has the decisive merit of having Eastern European representation, including Russian. If it is not used for this job it will almost certainly perish of inanition—and the Marshall plan may easily perish, too. For failure to use it will be a sign that America is not interested in Eastern Europe except to cordon it off. And in the long run any plan which aims at rebuilding Western Europe without building up East and South-East Europe as well must be economically lop-sided and fail to find the markets on which its success depends. There is also the hard fact that Western Europe, with large Communist minorities, will itself refuse to unite on an exclusive basis.

There are men in positions of influence here who understand that Britain, for example, needs to trade with Eastern Europe, just as a revived Germany would, and who realise that America herself would benefit both economically and politically from a policy that broke through the "iron curtain" instead of screwing it down. But alas, not many, just now. Yet there evidently exists among the American people at large an immense fund of world-consciousness, if it can be mobilised. Such factors as the undoubted unpopularity of the Truman "doctrine," the widespread desire which still exists to make Uno work, the increasing understanding of the mid-West farmer of his dependence on world-wide prosperity—not to mention the remarkable success of the Wallace tour—all point this way. Since Britain must be the prime mover in shaping the plan for integrating Europe, it would seem from here that she should take the lead in insisting that it shall be truly comprehensive in scope and objective. The time-factor, of course, is crucial. To ask Europe, amid its present feuds and distractions, to produce within a few months a plan for virtual economic federation is in any case like demanding a super-duper miracle. But the signs here point to the Foreign Ministers' meeting next November as marking the dead-line for hope.

# A LONDON DIARY

A NUMBER of correspondents have come to my rescue by replying to the infuriated housewives who declare that food is worse, less plentiful and less varied than it was during the war. There are two further points to make. First, it seems clear that conditions vary considerably in different parts of the country. In some Midland areas, for instance, where the population has greatly increased, people who are registered in village shops pour into the towns for goods on points. So it happens that in my village I notice the much greater choice of tinned goods and food off points, while people in Oxford or Birmingham may find little or no improvement. But the main point, I think, is that housewives are suffering from accumulated disappointment. It is very hard to discriminate between getting less than you actually got in 1939 and getting much less than you hoped to get in 1947. After one has discounted all the political propaganda—I even notice that one woman talks about "watching her children starve"!—one is left with the fact that two years after the war women still have to stand in queues, still (unless they are clever cooks) find themselves unable to provide anything but monotonous meals, and still are unable to buy furniture or curtains or paint their houses or to enjoy any of the post-war pleasure they had expected in re-creating cheerful homes.

* * *

The first 100 years are usually the hardest for a newspaper, but the *Chicago Tribune*, which celebrated its 100th anniversary on Tuesday, will probably find its second century more difficult. The paper grew up with the Midwest; under its present publisher, Col. McCormick, it became the bible of the isolationists, and with them it may decline. But anyone who has been to Chicago recently knows that the *Tribune* still has plenty of vigour. As its competitors, new and old, have found out, the *Tribune* is one of the most newsy, the best written, and the best produced papers in the world. Its million circulation is double that of any other paper in the area. Yet in April the *Tribune's* candidate for Mayor—whom it supported with every form of threat and cajolery—was beaten by a record majority. The people of Chicago have been very heavily vaccinated against *Tribune* propaganda in the domestic field.

* * *

Whenever I am in Chicago I read McCormick's paper to see what the Colonel will find to say against the British. He is remarkably inventive; once he blamed us for the corruption of G.I. manners by not taking our hats off in houses—which was a natural result of the British tradition of wearing all that cumbersome chain mail! But it is quite unfair to suppose that the Colonel is opposed equally to all foreigners and foreign governments. Mussolini received many pats on the back ("Fascism has produced impressive results which Parliamentary Government and a regime of civil liberty did not achieve and showed little evidence of achieving"). Even the Japanese received sympathetic attention when they began to organise Asia. The countries which McCormick really hates to-day are Russia, where his father was Ambassador, and England, where he went to prep. school and was forced to wear an Eton jacket. The manners and attitudes of the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* are one of the post powerful indictments of our private school system.

* * *

When our ancient Universities pay honour to living writers they do not always choose those most remarkable for vivacity of thought and distinction of style. In conferring doctorates, however, Oxford has confirmed the verdict of the most fastidious critics. Among living writers of French prose there are two in a class apart. They are both, moreover, thorns in the side of the respectable. M. Mauriac is a fervent Catholic who would have no truck with Franco or Pétain; and his novels are merciless to the vices of the conventional churchgoer. M. Gide is independence personified: there is no organised body of opinion that he has not been careful to offend. He is the hero of all who believe that entire freedom of thought and a refusal to compromise or conform are duties of the intellectual. He is not a member of the French Academy; and if he were an Englishman the candour of his autobiography would have prevented any University from honouring him. The Public Orator at Oxford rightly described him as unequalled in reputation, a friend of the Muses and a Citizen of the World.

* * *

Last week, in a footnote to a letter discussing American expansion, the editor of this journal stated that the U.S.A. "maintained her air bases in Iceland against the will of the Icelandic Parliament." I have just had a letter from Mr. Thorvardsson, the Icelandic Minister, who points out that the Althing passed the agreement permitting the Americans to retain Keflavik airport by a substantial majority last October. It is true that the Icelandic Government, after negotiating for several months, reluctantly put the proposal to the Althing where it passed by a vote of 32 to 19. But considerable pressure was put on the Government to agree to the request for an aerodrome. The Americans still had a considerable number of troops in the country, having for months evaded President Roosevelt's pledge to withdraw immediately hostilities ended, on the grounds that—in October, 1946—there was still a war emergency. Our own Foreign Office, in an official Note, told the Icelandic Government that "a bad impression" would be created in London if the agreement was not ratified. This precipitated a Cabinet crisis. The United Socialists, who held a third of the seats in the Coalition with the Social-Democrats and the Conservatives, asked for a referendum. At the same time, *The Times* reported:

> The feeling in Iceland against the proposal is running high and protests are arriving from many quarters . . . there can be no doubt that they express the genuine feeling of important sections of the public.

On September 24th, there was a protest general strike, and popular demonstrations in Reykjavik. When, on October 5th, the issue was forced to a vote, the United Socialists and some others opposed ratification and then resigned from the Cabinet. The Government then broke up and a caretaker Cabinet formed. Three months later a new Coalition was created by the Farmers, the Social-Democrats and the Conservatives, the United Socialists forming the Opposition. Thus, although Mr. Thorvardsson is right to point out that formal assent was given by the Althing, the agreement was ratified under pressure and with no enthusiasm for the continued maintenance of an American base.

* * *

I have never been quite sure, since I first knew Ernest Simon nearly twenty years ago, whether he would reach the top of the tree merely as the organiser of a great business house or in the field of education which has increasingly become his chief interest. A highly successful business man, a Manchester Town Councillor, he was a memorable Lord Mayor, and was the founder of the Wythenshawe housing estate. When he went into the House of Commons for a short, and I think, rather frustrating period, he had already become one of the leading experts in the country on housing. He is a director of the *Manchester Guardian* and created with Eva Hubback the Association for Education in Citizenship. One of his latest ventures is the *Universities Quarterly*. He has only recently joined the Labour Party, but his Liberalism was always of a Webbian kind. Indeed, for many years it seemed that Ernest and Shena Simon were bound to turn into collectivists, so dangerously had they drunk at the Webbian fount. There is something peculiarly apt therefore about his appointment as Chairman of the B.B.C. The B.B.C. is a great business organisation, but also a cultural, non-profit-making "public concern"—just exactly the kind of organisation that all followers of the Webbs must heartily approve.

* * *

A friend from the Continent who was at the Royal Garden Party found both beauty and amusement in this survival from an ancient world. Everything looked lovely, he said, on the spacious green lawns that you don't get anywhere else but in England. He could not say much for the costumes, however. Some of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were beautifully dressed, but few of the English women had been able to do much with their coupons. The exceptions were old ladies in heirloom lace, whom he watched with astonishment curtseying deeply to Princess Margaret Rose. Most of the men, he said, had obviously hired their clothes for the afternoon. Their morning coats did not fit, and they carried their hats as if they feared that they would not fit either. The food and drink was of the usual cocktail party variety, but there was gold plate in the King's tent. He was, however, immensely impressed by Queen Mary. He said he at last saw the incarnation of his dream of a Queen out of a fairy tale.

* * *

I meant to do a lot of work on Sunday night, but after the 9 o'clock news I found myself listening to James Stephens talking about the enjoyment of life, "whatever that is." He said he didn't know what life was except breathing and eating and drinking and moving about, and the first three were easy. And then he began to talk poetry, about how he identified himself with cats and dogs and with a bush that some people might think an unconscious object, but which he knew had decked itself out regardless, with as many leaves and as much bloom as it could create without killing itself. Perhaps when I have read this extraordinary and imaginative broadcast several times I'll know just what James Stephens meant. To me, it meant that when you get down to it, however sophisticated the world grows, the only happiness comes from the physical world of which we are all part, even if we try to be philosophers. But James Stephens may have meant something quite different.

* * *

I have now received evidence which seems finally to settle the argument about the quality of "mousetrap" cheese. A friend found that mice were raiding his larder. Before he went abroad for a week, he put all his food stores in closed tins, set a trap on the floor and baited it with a large piece of rationed cheese. When he returned, the trap was not sprung, the cheese was untouched. Instead, the starving mice had nibbled away the wood all round the edge of the trap.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Vera Williams.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Just before the war she became "morally rearmed" by joining the Oxford Group and was photographed in a pink negligee with Dr. Buchman.
—From report on Mae West, *News Chronicle*.

The door bell pealed a dozen times to-day in an empty flat in a red-bricked building at the corner of Scarisbrick-avenue, a tiled alley-way leading to the promenade here. There was no answer.

The callers were flat-hunters, already trying to rent the flat of Dr. Clements, the Southport doctor who was found dead after the mysterious deaths of his four wives.

And others who rang the bell in his empty flat were hoping to buy Dr. Clement's 10 h.p. car.—Report in *Daily Express*.

A reporter who went on Thursday night to a meeting of the Bristol Union of Freedom was told

at the door: "You had better ask the speaker first for permission to report him." The title of the lecture was: "The Freedom of the Press."—Report in *Daily Mail.*

The probation officer said that at one time the father had told him that he had thought of having all his own children looked after by relatives so that he could devote more time to unwanted children.—Report in *News Chronicle.*

## WINDOW TO THE WEST

*(By Cable from our Moscow Correspondent)*

A REPORT appeared in the Russian papers the other day to the effect that the British people are really rather too much absorbed with their various domestic problems and are losing sight of the major international problems with which the world is saddled. In this remark there was a note of disappointment and, perhaps, a vague suggestion that Britain really could play a decisive role in the world to-day, but that she is not pulling her weight and is allowing things to drift—in other words, she is looking on rather resignedly while America, as the Russian phrase goes, "is mobilising everywhere the forces of reaction." You can talk till you are blue in the face, but you will never convince any Russian that America is no longer up to some big mischief and is not playing to-day a world-wide political game. In one place after another Left-wing governments, through some not always apparent process and regardless of election results, are being discarded and replaced by Centre or even Right-wing governments. Representatives of the working-class—mostly Communists but, as in Italy, also Socialists—are being pushed out to make way for others. Under the guise of "anti-Communism" America is in fact doing everything to keep working-class and other anti-capitalist elements out of control or even part-control.

That is how it looks to the Russians. The whole press is teeming with news and comments illustrating this state of affairs. Michael Karolyi is to-day quoted as saying in almost so many words that America is behind the anti-republican plot in Hungary. Anti-trade union legislation is in full blast in America itself. In Brazil and elsewhere the Communist parties are being outlawed. If you talk to Austrians you will find a curious reaction: they will say Austria's tragedy is that she has become the pawn in the game of Big Power politics. But for the Truman doctrine the Austrian problem would probably have been settled. For the Russians it is no longer certain that the Americans really want a European settlement on the "compromise" basis. And, the Austrians will add, the German assets are not question No. One at all. Under the Russian formula for German assets the Russians can retain 180 factories. Under the American formula it is 100. It should be possible to reach a compromise. But that is no longer a real problem. The Russians simply do not trust the Americans with their technique of setting up reactionary governments and then supplying them with dollar loans. And what goes for Austria goes for Hungary and Rumania. Mr. Bevin, before leaving Moscow, tried to argue that a Vienna Committee set up last month would solve the German asset question and "therefore" the Austrian problem. This "therefore" has become nonsense.

But to return to the question of the Russian attitude to Britain. The Russian attitude to the capitalist world to-day may be said to be both anxious and defiant. There are certain fundamental positions which the Russians will not abandon under any circumstances. There are certain things for which they will hold out—for example the principle of current reparations from Germany. Nor are they likely to give up Austria until they know more about Truman's Danubian plans. The Russian view is that Marshall's policy of toughness at the Moscow Conference misfired. Since then there have been some curious currents. There was a clear desire at first to mobilise throughout the world not only anti-American opinion but also non-pro-American opinion to counteract the new anti-Communist and "pro-reactionary" crusade. That there is an enormous body of such opinion in Europe and Asia the Russians do not doubt. Hints were dropped to Britain that she could play a useful part in holding the balance between America and the Soviet Union. Harold Wilson's trade mission was well received in Moscow. Prospects were held out of large trade on a long-term basis with Russia—a great non-dollar area. The Russians were careful not to be obstructive regarding Palestine. Meanwhile the press said almost nothing against Britain. Nothing was said even against Bevin. At a public lecture on the British Empire, a Russian professor was announcing that not Russia, but America was threatening the British Empire, clearly indicating that Russia would sooner have a British empire than an American empire not so very far away from Baku, Odessa and other vital spots.

Then, however, the mood rapidly changed. Clearly these hints have been ignored. Whether this was good tactics or not, *Izvestia* came out with a four-column article, denouncing Bevin's speech in the House of Commons—only a few days before Margate. And then there was a terrific campaign against the "reptiles of the press"—meaning some British correspondents who had spent some weeks at the Moskva Hotel during the Conference and who wrote their "Inside Russia" stories after returning home. There is no doubt that much of this writing was superficial and some deliberately malicious and ignorant, but the Russian press was not content to dismiss the matter so lightly. And now the campaign against the "press reptiles" is in full swing. The general inference, of course, is that capitalism and the Foreign Office are behind all this anti-Soviet "campaign." By concentrating on the most unfavourable and most ridiculous statements, the Russian press gave its readers a truly ghastly picture of the British press. Now *New Times* has come out with an obvious moral: We must have censorship. As that, however, is a professional matter I do not intend to discuss it here. Only what is perhaps politically significant is that what annoyed the Russians most about these "Inside Russia" articles was what they thought was a lot of sneering at Russia's economic difficulties ("Have they forgotten we fought a grim war for four years?"). This in itself was a sort of encouragement for Truman's policy, and the Russians resented that more than anything else—especially coming as it did from England. And then came Margate. This also produced a great disappointment. And their conclusion was that only too many Labourites were tired, too tied up with their home affairs. There is not enough clear thinking about the implications of the American policy, too much worrying about the new dollar loan, yet a feeling that it may have to be accepted tacitly like another Munich, as one Russian put it.

All the greater to-day, after the disappointment over Margate, is the Russian tendency to concentrate on home affairs too—at least for the present. It must be said that despite enormous difficulties arising from the war a truly most impressive effort has been made in Russia to produce a big harvest this year. From time to time the Government comes out with some pronouncement to the effect that "there will be no war," but although one cannot compare the present situation with the war years, the idea "we are strong but must get much stronger as quickly as possible" is being very effectively driven home in every possible way. And despite everything a certain feeling of pride is being built up with the suggestion "Let them spend their dollars on the Turks and Greeks. We can stand on our own feet." It is clear that American toughness is increasing Russian touchiness. As many see it, Britain had a good chance to put a stop, or at any rate, reduce the speed of this "toughness" race, but missed her chance. Or can she still do it?

## EGYPT'S POLICY

*[We print below a very revealing interview between Nokrashi Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and Mr. George Bilainkin. Nokrashi succeeded as Prime Minister in February, 1945, following the assassination of Ahmad Maher Pasha in whose Cabinet he had been Foreign Minister since October, 1944. A year later, Nokrashi resigned, following differences with the Wafd. Ismail Sidky Pasha then became Premier and Nokrashi succeeded him again on the breakdown of the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. Our comment appears on an earlier page.*—ED. N.S. & N.]

NOKRASHI PASHA began, "Sovereignty, security and economic reform. Those are our problems. British troops must evacuate the country completely, the evacuation not to be conditioned by a treaty. Secondly, there is the unity of the Nile Valley, also, economic reforms, sterling balances, so as to raise the standard of living of the people."

Turning to the past Nokrashi continued, "Immediately war with Germany ended, in 1945, I made claims in Parliament for evacuation, and for the unity of the Nile Valley. I notified the British Government, through the London Embassy. My statement was prepared in the first half of that August. I gave your Government plenty of time to make its own solution of the problem. You sent us your Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord Alanbrooke. I spoke to him frankly about evacuation and the Nile Valley. But the British would not respond. In December, 1945, I sent an official note, proposing negotiations, mentioning evacuation. I received a reply, five weeks later, through our Ambassador in London. I remained a supporter of the negotiations. On March 26 came the demonstrations, and unhappy incidents. Negotiations were opened in April, and they kept dragging on until December. When it was made clear to the British that they differed in their interpretation of certain points from Egypt's Premier (Sidky Pasha), and the Egyptians disavowed certain points, the British asked the Premier to write a letter which they had drafted. This would have given their own point of view on the Sudan."

"My predecessor protested against this. His health was not good and he resigned, as he could not carry on. I came back. I pointed out to the British Ambassador the meaning of the Sudan to Egypt. I asked the British to make a statement of their own, that they would not encourage the Sudanese to secede from Egypt, and, that if the Sudanese chose to continue in unity with Egypt, the British would not object, would welcome it. That statement did not commit the British to any course, except to one of not antagonising the Egyptian security in the Nile. The British would not make the statement."

Quietly Nokrashi resumed, "The Governor-General brought matters to a head. I was compelled to make a statement in Parliament, declaring that matters were proceeding from bad to worse . . . We cannot be expected to take part in talks on the security of the Middle East, and, at the same time jeopardise our own security. The British Ambassador saw me afterwards and said the British Government was ready to sign the treaty if I was ready to sign one of two versions of the Sudan protocol. There was scarcely a spirit there of friendly agreement. Some meetings followed, and I was compelled to make it clear that, unless our point of view was accepted, we had to refer the matter to Uno. But then came a statement from your Foreign Office, that the 1936 Treaty 'will remain in force.'"

Nokrashi spoke swiftly for the first time, showing no smiles round his mouth.

"This means," he exclaimed, in a different tone and pitch, "that they force us to accept the British troops in this country against our will. That is the situation."

We now came to the question of the evacuation being disconnected with the treaty. "In our earnest desire," replied Nokrashi, "to come to an understanding originally, we did not refer then to the evacuation of troops as being disconnected with the treaty. It was assumed

that the troops would evacuate. When negotiations were broken off, then we said, 'The British announce that the 1936 treaty remains in force, and they give the idea that the troops will not evacuate unless a treaty is concluded. That treaty bears the stamp of being negotiated with a Protectorate, infringing upon our sovereignty.' Therefore we made it perfectly clear that the complete evacuation of the troops is totally separate from a treaty."

I asked what prospect there was of eliminating the discussions at Uno, and coming to a mutual defence arrangement. Nokrashi pondered for a moment, answered: "If Great Britain eliminates the sources of friction that trouble our relations, and create the tension now evident, begins the complete evacution, unconnected by any treaty, I still believe that Egypt would be willing to make a treaty of mutual assistance. Of course in a different spirit. . . ."

My hopes rose that there was still a possibility of avoiding the issue going before Uno, but Nokrashi almost reduced them to nil, by adding deliberately, "*When* the matter comes before Uno," instead of, "*If* the matter comes. . . ." He continued, "Everybody will be free to present his case, and use every argument, to produce every document possible to help his case."

Just in case I had any wishful delusions, he snapped, "No doubt about that."

Was there then no hope at all? Oh, yes, there seemed to be some. "A genuine declaration about the beginning of evacuation, the actual beginning of effective evacuation, and a reasonable time limit, certainly would relieve the tension that is poisoning the situation. No doubt about it, no doubt."

We discussed current affairs, and the routine matters that brought the British Ambassador along. "You evacuate the cities on March 31st, and within three weeks the Ambassador comes along and says this and that, troubles already, and what is worse, you already want to return, only three weeks later. Let me cite you recent cases that provide an instance of complete misunderstanding of the Egyptian point of view. You bring troops or civilians from Palestine and put them in along the Suez Canal, and you ask the Egyptian patrols to protect them because you intimate that terrorists have arrived. You receive news that terrorists might arrive in Egypt, and you suggest that your men might come along and at a stretch of nine kilometres stop and examine every car. One evening three bombs explode in Ismailia. The second day you think you find terrorists in Cairo, and I am compelled to find the necessary police protection, at given points. All this happens because you want me to protect some Tommies who desire to spend the night in some of Cairo's cabarets. Is this not an absurd situation?"

There was silence for a moment, and Nokrashi continued, "You left us only on March 31st. Why do you not wait two or three months at least before you wish the troops back again in Cairo?"

Dealing with Egypt's demand for the repayment of the £450,000,000 owing by Great Britain as a result of expense incurred in Egypt during the Hitler war, Nokrashi said: "Much has been said of Egypt's contribution to the battle. Had we contributed only the money to carry on the war, that surely would have been a great contribution? We have approached the British about the Suez Canal Shares toward clearing the debt on two occasions, first in 1945 and then in the subsequent negotiations."

Was Egypt seriously concerned? "Yes, we must have payment on account," replied Nokrashi with a serious look, "for you must see what happens after July 15th. The currency will be controlled solely by imports and exports. Now our imports are greater than the exports because we have not imported for six years, and you have taken about £450 millions from our people here, and so that if you do not give part of it back to us, straight away, we shall be very badly off."

On the Sudan the Premier was equally frank and direct. The Egyptians had to ask themselves, he said, with vehemence of a character that had hitherto been absent, "Are the English encouraging the Sudanese to secede or are they not?" And then with an expressive wave of the hand, perhaps contempt for certain promises or assurances, "I am not satisfied with negative statement. I want you British to encourage the unity and therefore the security of this part of the world."

We turned to discussions on the plan for regional defence, and I mentioned the British Military Mission. It is known in British circles in Egypt that for the Mission, not its personnel as individuals, Nokrashi entertains the most firm dislike.

"We will get a mission as we choose," he said, "and then when your Mission is finished here, we will have a new one. We will buy our arms as we choose, we will start factories for small arms and heavier material, as we choose, and we shall change the law here for compulsory military service. We shall provide money for our defence." While the British military experts were here he would not bring in any others. But he had been at work ever since 1945 on this subject when he had prepared his notes on complete, complete, military evacuation. "You do not expect us to bring in the new experts while the British are here, do you? Yes, the new experts will be here as soon as the British are out. And they are . . . American. Yes, only Americans now."

I hoped for a direct answer to my next question. I said "It is said that Russia is to support Egypt's case when and if it comes before Uno. What is the position, for you have been naturally taking soundings in the capitals of the world?"

"This is the first time," he replied, "that a small country is going to Uno against one of the Big Four without flirting with anybody. In spite of the fact that the break-off in the negotiations led people to believe that it would result in an outburst of anti-British feeling, the situation in Egypt has been maintained with a good will that surpasses all expectations." Nokrashi stretched out his hands before me, forgot for a second to play with attractive, newly presented yellow beads, and said, with a clarity that could not be mistaken for a second, "We shall remain like that if you treat us as a friend, but if you treat him as an enemy I am afraid the Egyptian will say to himself, '*I shall lose nothing by changing sides.*'"

GEORGE BILAINKIN

## JAMES AGATE

ALL the tributes to Jimmy Agate that I have read so far have been written by his fellow dramatic critics. But I write as from the ranks of Tuscany, being not one of his colleagues, but a dramatist, one of his victims. Time and again some wilful or idiotic remark of his would leave me infuriated, but I could never be angry with him long, if only because I enjoyed him as a ripe character and knew him to be one of the best dramatic critics of this century, a far better critic than some of his elders he was fond of quoting.

(And the fact that he did quote them so often proves, to my mind, Agate's essential modesty. Somewhere behind that Café Royal swell there still existed the hopeful admiring young man from Manchester.) Our first nights can never be the same, now that Jimmy Agate has gone.

Something must be said about his writing apart from dramatic criticism. His novels are readable, but they are not the work of a novelist. His essays are admirable of their kind, and perhaps it is a pity that he did not do more of them. But during his last ten years, outside the Theatre, he preferred to present himself to the world in the vast *Ego* series of diaries. These diaries are capital reading, and I prophesy here and now that they will take their place both as bed books and as quarries for the social historian and future novelists of manners. But there is one good reason why this *Ego* series will never be accepted as one of the great autobiographical records, as Agate hoped it would be. The James Agate we meet in these diaries is not the whole man, freely and candidly expressing himself, but a character performance, brilliant and astonishingly sustained but still a character performance. He was not laying himself bare, as the great autobiographers have done, but was projecting part of himself on to a deliberately small if gorgeously illuminated screen. I do not say that this was not worth doing—and there is indeed a welcome originality in the manner of it—but just as the ego is not the self, for we have an unconscious as well as a conscious mind, so this *Ego* is not the real James Evershed Agate. But reading these diaries, we can cry in admiration what Sid Field's golfer cries in despair: "What a performance!"

We come closer to the whole man in what he did best—his dramatic criticism. Both the strength and the weakness of Agate's criticism came from the same source—his essential view of the Theatre, its place in his secret inner life. It used to be said that drink was the shortest way out of Manchester. Now Agate, during the early years when a man's outlook is fixed, wanted to escape from Manchester, too, and his magic drink was the Theatre. Once the house lights were dimmed and the floats were illuminating the dusty velvet of the curtain, he could forget the cotton trade, the tall gloomy warehouses, the trams groaning beneath their load of hard heads and wet mackintoshes. Now for the golden voice of Sarah, the sombre sorcery of Irving. This was enchantment, with the textile trade blotted out, forgotten, until next morning, and for ever afterwards he tried to recapture these magical hours.

This explains his weakness as a dramatic critic. He could never see the Theatre as one institution among many, as part of our national life, as a social activity that must be joined somewhere, somehow, to the textile trades, to the Manchester trams, to the public baths of Salford. Curse the fellow—whether the formidable prophetic Shaw or restless young Jack Priestley—who would even remind him that this wonderful never-failing toy, this fountain of forgetfulness and enchantment, the Theatre, could not exist like some Arabian Nights palace, floating in mid-air! So he would make haste to denounce all plays that even hinted that we live in an economic and political society as "dreary rubbish about communal wash-houses." It was not that he refused to think in the playhouse; he could be very acute at times; but he fought desperately to keep his magic toy, his private palace of illusions, all the moments that renewed for him his ardent hopeful youth. Thus, while he was clever enough to understand experiment, he hated it, if only because it seemed to him to break the old spell. Hence his too-frequent references to the past, his constant suggestion that everything in the Theatre was dwindling and fading.

It was here, too, however, in this secret and deeply emotional view of the Theatre, that he found his strength as a critic. He never went to the playhouse, even when he was old and ailing in what seemed to him a world of ruin and desolation, merely to do the week's job. He was never blighted by routine and boredom. Still under the spell of lost youth and its magical moments, still in quest of enchantment, he went hungrily to his thousand-and-one first nights, eager to praise even the smallest scene, an inflection, a glance, if it blew all that smouldered in his mind into a blaze. This passion of his, which cried "Show me—and I promise you my praise," kept him from being fooled by smooth hocum (except during the late 'Thirties when he over-estimated all American importations) and enabled him to pounce like a tiger on anything, in writing, production or acting that was not fine and true. He was not always right or just—and certain kinds of plays and certain good actors and actresses never found in him an appreciative audience—but the passion and close attention for what was good were always there and were always followed by the generous and artfully contrived phrase. No doubt he lived a rum

scatter-brained kind of life (and incidentally was perhaps the worst book reviewer ever in regular employment), but he did not play at being a dramatic critic; he *worked* at it, toiling to give us his glorious shining toy, the Theatre, so that we might remember every flash and flicker of it all our lives.

It is a grim business writing plays these days. Half the good players are tied up in films; the economics of the Theatre are idiotic; and your work is judged in most popular papers by men and women who are no more dramatic critics than their editors are C. P. Scotts. It will be grimmer still with a great glittering chunk of sense, fun and devilment dropped out of the sombre scene now that Jimmy Agate is no longer with us to delight and to infuriate us by turns, to fall asleep during our worst scenes, to wake up, as few others could, to our best scenes, to lisp and to splutter insults and generous commendations. We always suspected we had an affection for the man; and now, too late, we know.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

# The Arts and Entertainment

## RADIO NOTES

IN last week's competition Mr. Benedict Nicolson and those who so brilliantly rose to his occasion probably scotched a few real snakes, as well as many of those papier mâché ones that "spring out of the box when the lid is released." Among the latter I should put Mr. Colwin's inordinately funny elucidation of $\pi$; and Bimetallism is too definitely a joke for the wily planners of the Third to dare to take it on. For the same reason, a dose of Ossian is improbably pending; but it is not at all impossible that some maniacal person should try to foist upon us a jorum of Southey; that the wholly delightful Chaucer and Langland series should be followed, one day, by an excursion into the epics of C. M. Doughty; or that some resentful scholar is not already plaguing Mr. George Barnes with an opaque discourse entitled "Some Disputed Readings in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*." And, since we have been subjected to Tennyson's intolerable *Queen Mary*, why not Talfourd's *Ion* or one of Landor's verse dramas?

The entries published by Mr. Nicolson were poor in two departments: the visual arts and music. Let me—belatedly, but as a preventive measure—supply a few soporific titles. In the first instance, perhaps, "English Alabasters," and a series of regional talks on "The Dating of Horn Snuff-Boxes." In the second—but here I must enter a caveat. All listeners with special interests have the collector's instinct, and to people of thorough-going musical tastes almost anything is worth hearing *once*. On this score alone the B.B.C. would have been amply justified in broadcasting Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, which is otherwise seldom performed, even in Paris. Berlioz fans are scandalised by the neglect of what one of them described (I suspect without having heard it) as "the greatest opera ever written." I have witnessed two productions of it; but even after last week's splendid performance of *La Prise de Troie*, I should be very sorry to have to sustain such a thesis. Frigid and bombastic as an historical picture by the Baron Gros, Berlioz's dramatic cantata does not even belong to its date, but harks back to the misunderstood classicism of the Napoleonic era. Of course the work contains passages of great and original beauty; but they are comparatively few and short, because nonsensical progressions and amateurish harmony quickly spoil even the best musical ideas. And can it honestly be maintained that Berlioz's technique of composition was sufficient to carry through a work on this scale? Luckily *Les Troyens à Carthage*, which is still to come, contains much better stuff. However, even if one considers the design and method of this work utterly mistaken, there remains a strong case for performing it. But what about operas like *Rienzi*, Spontini's *La Vestale*, and Halévy's *La Juive*, all so important historically, but of a lapidary dullness? We may be forgiven for having our doubts. There is a limit to even a musician's curiosity. Some examples of Hucbald's Organum would certainly fall within it; but one of the thirty-three dead operas of Porpora? The Homeric music-dramas of Bungert? No, no! The directors of the Third have shown a really marvellous sensitiveness to the living threads that connect our situation to-day with the art, science and philosophy of the past; they have known how to distinguish these from such dead wood as was implied, so entertainingly, by Mr. Nicolson's winning competitors. So far, very few of the programmes, in any department, have justified the gibes so liberally bestowed on the Third by people who resent pleasures or preoccupations that differ at all importantly from their own. If ever the directors lose their sense of the fine distinction described above, they will seriously imperil the structure they have built up with so much patience and ingenuity. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## THE THEATRE

**"Ever Since Paradise," at the New Theatre**
**"Edward, My Son," at His Majesty's**
**"Angel," at the Strand Theatre**
**"Annie Get Your Gun," at the Coliseum**

Mr. Priestley's abundant wit and invention are lavished on the familiar theme that

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

Not that the women do not score heavily against the men in this delightful comedy of bad manners. The men and women in the audience equally enjoy themselves. Not a man who fails to say to himself that this is just how women behave, wondering meanwhile whether he does not sometimes make as much a fool of himself as Paul. Not a woman who, pitying the stupidity of Paul and the pompousness of William, can help asking herself whether she has not at times been as silly as Rosemary. Only a most accomplished craftsman like Mr. Priestley could have made these commonplaces into gay and delightful entertainment. He does not, like Shaw, string epigrams into a dialogue, but achieves wit and penetration from precisely imagining every line in its setting of character and situation. His ingenuity saves him from the sentimentalism into which the play seems often on the point of slipping. (The only moment when invention flags is the final curtain.) Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey have superb opportunities of dressing up and changing parts. And they are equal to it. The result is delicious entertainment which every married and unmarried couple should enjoy. It would be spoil-sport to whisper that they may learn a lot of sense and happiness from this play, for art here conceals the moralist as well as the art.

*Edward, My Son* is a clever piece of card-playing, with Mr. Robert Morley out to take all the tricks. In collaboration with Mr. Noel Langley, he wrote the play for himself and—in case that was not enough—stepped forward to compère it as well. It had all the easy openings, the specious opportunities, the length without depth of an actor's play. Mr. Morley, as the suave, fatuous, and sharp-dealing business man who commits a crime to save his son's life, makes a fortune and ruins the boy, acted with precision and aplomb. He circled round the rest of the cast and was prevented from running the play off its feet by the really remarkable performance of Miss Peggy Ashcroft. It is a long time since we have seen so considered and so imaginative a piece of acting as hers and whenever she appeared, this clever and unstable comedy took on the depth and texture which its horrifying implications demanded.

Based on the Constance Kent murder in the Eighteen-Fifties, *Angel* has just the ingredients for a tense popular play—a Victorian household, replete (one might say) with a harsh stepmother, a whipping father and the psychotic child of a mad first wife. This fifteen-year-old girl, feeling bitterly unloved, slit the throat of her little half-brother whom the father had inadvertently named as his favourite child. So far the author re-creates with some success the sullen atmosphere, making the points effectively and with restraint. But then the play goes to pieces. The author sticks too closely to life which, as Henry James so often complains, has no sense of construction. The girl, who escapes detection at the time, confesses five years later. There is no way—or if there is the author misses it—of bridging this gap in space and time three-quarters of the way through the play. The tension lapses as the unities dissolve and the production, effective enough while it is simple, lapses also into irrelevant, not to say pretentious, frills in an attempt to bridge the unbridgeable. Miss Joyce Redman as the girl cleverly combines the note of neurosis with the appearance of a Tenniel illustration.

Is *Annie Get Your Gun* a second *Oklahoma*? Emphatically not. Neither the polished production, nor the calculated freshness of decor, but a long, lavish show livelier than most of its sort because the music is by Irving Berlin, though this is interspersed with an intolerable deal of talk. A spectacular ballet excited the Coliseum audience to strange rapture. The justification of the show is the American leading lady, Miss Dolores Grey: she has humour, a powerful voice in the Ethel Levey style, and a dynamic "poissonality." The setting is Cody's Wild West Show, the theme rivalry in marksmanship, and you are recommended to take your nephew in the summer holidays, though he may, if he cares for shooting, ask awkward questions about the dénouement, when the heroine fails to hit clay pigeons because the sights of her gun have been tampered with.

## THE MOVIES

**"La Loi du Nord," and "The Great Promise," at the Academy**
**"The Loves of Joanna Godden," at the Odeon**

Once more the Cabinet finds itself considering a cut in American films. But why hesitate? Is it a tenet of modern government than you may ration bread but not circuses? This particular cut might, of course, be unpopular, though hardly more so than the crushing tax on tobacco. Its immediate effect would be to filter new films, to establish the single-feature programme, to stimulate revival, and perhaps shorten queues; each, it seems to me, a step in the right direction. At the moment any cut (up to sixty or seventy per cent) of imports from Hollywood would automatically raise the standard of entertainment.

But—opponents of the cut argue—America would retaliate by spoiling the chances of English films in America, and in the long run that might tell on the quality and quantity of films produced here. It might, and it might not. First of all, there would be the bigger market to supply here; then, the necessity for making films more cheaply would probably improve rather than depress the quality of English films; and in any case, with an adverse balance of £19,000,000 in this single trade, some sort of cut appears inevitable. In weighing flicks against food, it is worth remembering that less than one in two or three persons is a film-fan (and that only for one or two evenings a week), while we all eat with an increasing voracity at all times of the day. I made my own private cut in Hollywood films, I may say, a long while ago, and feel much better for it.

The double programme at the Academy disappoints. The Feyder film is seven years old and seems older; unfortunately, it begins with a picture of America so weirdly unconvincing that one can't even begin to believe in its drama until everything has been left behind for the frozen North, and *that* belongs to an Alaska of silent memories. The wealthy murderer and his rapt secretary (Michele Morgan) flee ever northwards, accompanied by a young guide; they are joined in a mountain cave by an elderly Mounted Policeman who has been chasing after; all four are now in various stages of hunger, capture, loving and being loved. It makes, with the scenery and the bearskins and the huskies, for strong drama, which—to do M. Feyder justice—has its moments of intensity; and, of course, one can't help warming to the idea of Michele Morgan dying in the snows. She does it irreproachably, with an inner conviction that almost detaches her from her situation. The outdoors has been beautifully and dramatically shot. Altogether *La Loi du Nord* is far kinder to the eye than to the ear, but it wears an air of resuscitation.

*The Great Promise* is a semi-documentary of the Jewish national home as revealed to the homeless

European by the Zionist. It begins with rescue in Belsen, and takes us to Palestine in three brief narratives of a community settlement, a school, and the irrigations of the Jordan. These glimpses are more revealing than any we have had from films arguing a case, and there are passages of considerable beauty and interest. The dramatisation of the Jordan (narrator, Abraham Sofaer) is the most moving thing in a film that just fails, as a whole, to come up to its theme.

*The Loves of Joanna Godden* (directed by Charles Frend) is one of those nicely-made English adaptations from a popular favourite: very nicely made, in this case, with Romney Marsh for a setting, and a story of sheep-farmers in 1905 that provides some fascinating detail. But this story never quite grips, partly because several marriages have to be worked out very quickly, and partly because the characters remain ficticus without even the help of printed dialect. Miss Googie Withers hardly impresses us as a likely farmer's daughter, either in manner or speech, though she gives a spirited performance. The fiction remains fiction, and the background background. But I should like to emphasise that this film carries a strong sense of locality, and attracts the onlooker far more persuasively than, for example, last week's *Stallion Road*. Its fault—a common one on the screen—is that fat novels do not make the best films.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## BALLET

THE particular virtue of the "Ballets des Champs-Elysées" now at the Winter Garden Theatre is an extreme elegance of imagination that reminds one of such past delights as *Les Matelots, Jeux d'Enfants* and *Cotillon*. To compare this French company with our Sadler's Wells would be as unprofitable as to compare a soufflé with a sirloin. Next week we hope to consider the new works in the repertory, and particularly *La Jeune Homme et la Mort*, a startlingly successful ballet contrived by MM. Cocteau and Petit. Now there is space only to state that M. Babilée is dancing better than ever, and to recommend everyone who cares for ballet to go to the Winter Garden Theatre, and to avoid the front rows of the stalls, from which the dancers' feet are invisible.

## HARRINGAY

ALWAYS ready for something new, I set out for Harringay Arena in a mood of hopeful curiosity; undoggy readers may care to know that the journey is a simple one, which can be accomplished in a clear half-hour from Piccadilly Circus by way of a tube station called Manor House. But if they decide to go by car, they must remember that this is the luxury world of commercial sport, which thinks nothing of a half-crown parking fee. Seats themselves are reasonable enough: from one-and-sixpence to ten shillings.

The Arena is a very large construction of wood, glass and metal: something like an Albert Hall squashed oblong, with a low roof and no boxes The orchestra plays on a bandstand in the middle; there is no echo and the extreme resonance of the acoustics is rather agreeable than otherwise—so long as the music remains soft. But let the conductor unleash a big orchestral *tutti* and everything at once becomes a confused blur, which renders the first bar of any sudden *piano* passage almost completely inaudible. Fuller houses may well have the effect of shortening the over-long reverberation period; the auditorium holds over 10,000 people, and was less than half full on the opening night. More serious, however, than the reverberation is the barrage of extraneous noise. Every 30 seconds the huge arena clock emits a metallic clanking; unidentifiable objects flap and rattle in the wind; and through the apparently unshuttable doors something drifts in which sounds like a perpetual counting of change and washing-up of tea-cups. Eliminate all these; count the passing aeroplane as a piece of bad luck; pray that you never get a rain-storm on the glass roof; and there still remains one other objection, which I should have supposed insuperable, to the use of the Harringay Arena as a concert hall. Straight opposite its entrance is an L.N.E.R. station called Harringay Park, which supplied in the course of the evening several minor interruptions and one major one: about 8.25 p.m. a train drew in and stood there, noisily puffing and chuff-chuffing, for several excruciating minutes, precisely as Solomon began (with what tenderness one could just perceive) to caress the opening bars of the *largo* of Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. It seems a pity that so ambitiously conceived a venture as this new London Musical Festival (the first, we are told, of an annual series) should be thwarted at the outset by obstacles which could have been pointed out to the promoters by any concert-goer with a little common sense. But common sense has become what courage was once supposed to be: the rarest of the virtues.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## THE DUAL KINGDOM

*[The title of King Emperor will be dropped. It is assumed that the King will become King of Hindustan and King of Pakistan.*—News item.]

Partition in India to-day is received
With national gloom fatalistic,
But the Viceregal plan, it is widely believed,
Gives grounds for a view optimistic.
Though riots may rage from Madras to Lahore,
And strife from Bombay to Bhutan,
The Hindustan monarch will never make war
On the ruler of Pakistan.

Now Congress and League are to stand on their own
With a dual Dominions Charter,
Wise Jinnah won't mount the Mohammedan throne,
Nor Nehru be hailed Imperator.
Though the Raj will depart like the mighty Moghul,
And the Empire of proud Genghis Khan,
The Hindustan monarch united will stand
With the ruler of Pakistan.

Though India's partition may fail to end
Her traditional communal drama,
Though Allah's crusaders once more may descend
On the massed congregations of Brahma,
Though the dissident Rajah may get out of hand,
And the Ameer, the Sikh and Afghan,
The ruler of Hindustan ever will stand
With the monarch of Pakistan.

SAGITTARIUS

# Correspondence

## NORTHERN IRELAND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—The Minister of Home Affairs in Northern Ireland suggests that the Special Powers Act is justified, because its use has prevented disorders. Of course, it may well be true that a number of the powers taken were necessary in 1922. Indeed, had they existed eight years before, the Government of that day would have found them particularly useful to use against the Unionist armed volunteers of that period.

The Special Powers Act was originally designed to defend the Government of Northern Ireland against that type of military pressure which the Unionists had so successfully, such a short time before, applied against the British Government, but these conditions have now gone and the rioters in recent years have by no means all come from the I.R.A. side. Let me take just one example.

The Special Powers Act contains a provision by which the Northern Ireland Government can prohibit a Coroner's Inquest. Originally this provision was justified by the Attorney-General who said "we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there are some areas where the Coroners are not in sympathy with us, where they are absolutely hostile to us." But this argument does not explain the continued retention of this provision. It is only understandable when one recalls that in 1935 the Belfast Coroner, a Protestant Government appointment, felt compelled to condemn the Unionist and Orange part in the riots. At the inquest on riot victims, he said, "The poor people who commit these riots . . . are influenced almost entirely by the public speeches of men in high and responsible positions. . . . It is not good Protestantism to preach a gospel of hate and enmity towards those who differ from us in religion and politics. . . . Yet so-called leaders of public opinion in high and responsible positions, by their inflammatory speeches of enmity towards those differing from them in religion, provoke and inflame party passions, with the result that breaches of the peace occur." The Special Powers Act, however, is never used against such persons.

Mr. Warnock's argument was that the Special Powers Act was intended to prevent rule by the gun. It is interesting to note that shortly after he became the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Home Affairs, a question was asked in the Northern Irish House of Commons about a well-known Unionist who, at a public meeting, had advised Orangemen "to beg, borrow or steal a revolver, rifle or gun as they would be likely to need them in the near future." In reply the Home Secretary did not deny the words were used, he merely dismissed them as "one of those exuberant oratorical flights which are not uncommon at political meetings."

Mr. Warnock implies that he would like, if possible, to repeal the Special Powers Act, but that is not the attitude of the Northern Ireland Government's Attorney-General. As recently as February, 1947, he said in the Northern Irish House of Commons, "I say the abnormal times have not yet passed away, and I have not the slightest hope or expectation that they ever will pass away, until there is a complete change on the part of a section of this population in their attitude towards this Government. . . . To my mind the need for this Act and the Regulations made thereunder will never pass away for the reason that totally false ideals are held up to the young and enthusiastic people . . . perhaps in 50 or 100 years it might be proper for the Minister of Home Affairs to think of repealing this Act."

Mr. Warnock says the Act has never been used for political purposes, but the local evidence collected for the National Council of Civil Liberties by a Committee presided over by Mr. S. Porter, K.C. (now Lord Justice Porter), found the exact opposite was the case and the National Council of Civil Liberties Report quotes a number of instances where flagrant political use of Special Authorities Powers were made. For example, an unemployed demonstration was proscribed by the Home Minister and the organiser was "excluded" under a Special Powers Order from Northern Ireland. When Sean Murray, Secretary of the Northern Irish Communist Party, was addressing a meeting (which had not been proclaimed as unlawful or otherwise prohibited) the police entered with drawn revolvers, served him with an Exclusion Order and forced him to board a train for Dublin.

Mr. Warnock says that I am wrong in suggesting that there is bias against the employment of Roman Catholics in the public service. Previously, in Northern Ireland, Ministers have been to some pains to explain that despite the provisions of the Constitution, they had maintained just this bias. Speaking in 1935 at a mass meeting of Orange Lodges, Mr. Andrews, afterwards Prime Minister and then Minister of Labour said, "Another allegation made against the Government and which is untrue, is that of 31 porters at Stormont 28 are Roman Catholics. I have investigated the matter and have found that there are 30 Protestants and only one Roman Catholic, there only temporarily." As far back as 1925, Sir E. M. Archdale, then Minister of Agriculture, defended himself in the same way—"I have 109 officials, and, so far as I know, four of them are Roman Catholics, three of whom were Civil Servants turned over to me, whom I had to take on when we began."

The present Prime Minister, Sir Basil Brooke, advised everyone at an Orange meeting in 1933 not to employ a single Catholic, and a year later on being challenged on it replied, "What I said was justified. I recommended people not to employ Roman Catholics who were 99 per cent disloyal." Under these circumstances, it is a little naive of Mr. Warnock not to understand there may be a reluctance on the part of the Roman Catholics to enter the public service.

One further quotation from an Independent Unionist shows how why to a considerable section of public opinion even the regular police are regarded as a partisan Protestant force. He said: "We are told this is a Protestant Parliament for Protestant people, and here we have a Protestant Alderman walking in the

public street . . . and he is severely batoned by Protestant police under the jurisdiction of a Protestant Government." GEOFFREY BING

House of Commons.

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SIR,—The elaborate letter of Mr. Warnock in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of this week merely boils down to one point. So long as the I.R.A. exists, the North of Ireland Government will consider itself bound by necessity to impose and maintain the Special Powers Act. But this attitude, however plausible, is in essence defeatist. It does not account for the widespread discrimination against Catholics, the gerrymandering of the constituencies or the determination to keep the Unionists in power in Ulster by any method which may be available. Mr. Warnock has magnified a grievance arising out of a part of the question at issue and has neglected the remainder of the question.

The I.R.A. has clearly come into existence because the soil is there in which it can strike root. As the film, *Odd Man Out*, makes clear, this illegal organisation, with its methods of thuggery, has been born out of the partition of Ireland. At least one-third of the inhabitants of Ulster have no wish to see this partition continued, whilst it is palpably obvious that its continuance is brought about by the interplay of a small ring of vested interests. The large vote for the Labour candidate, a self-confessed Home Ruler, in the recent Co. Down by-election, tells its own story. Quite clearly, the political tension north of the border is a reminder that its government is representative of a group who are not in step with the desires of an important minority and certainly not in step with Ireland taken as a whole.

In 1936, the National Council for Civil Liberties called attention to the far-reaching and undemocratic policy enshrined in the Special Powers measure, the provisions of which could be used against large numbers of other people besides the members of the I.R.A. The story of Belfast administration since 1922 given in such a work as Dorothy Macardle's *The Irish Republic*, does not lend confidence to the administration of this Act by the present Stormont legislature.

The contention that Ireland will not find a peaceful foundation for administration until it is united and free is not one which comes from Catholic lips alone. As a Unitarian minister, I am following the outlook of the Unitarian John Mitchel in making this contention and thus resisting the viewpoint of Mr. Warnock, Mr. J. M. Andrews, Sir Basil Brooke and the various other interests at the moment prevailing at Stormont. I cannot agree for one moment that Mr. Andrews was adequately expressing a democratic spirit when he informed us that, come what may, and let people desire whatever they wish, a Unionist government must always be in control in Ulster; or that Sir Basil Brooke is expressing the spirit of an enlightened Protestantism when he seeks to whip up Orange fanaticism against his Catholic co-religionists. Let the whole question of partition be explored anew and there will be no need for Special Powers Acts. At a time when happier relations between Westminster and Eire are steadily coming about, it would be tragic if the narrower attitude prevailing at Stormont were allowed to determine the attitude adopted towards the major problems of present-day Ireland on this side of the Channel.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

Manchester.

## BRITISH RATIONS

SIR,—I would like to correct Eunice Tiedeman's seven statements with regard to rations, in your issue of June 7th. With one exception (No. 4) her complaints are entirely erroneous.

I am a London housekeeper, shopping in an ordinary market, on a very small income, with only two ration books. I find:—

1. Meat is of better quality than during the war and much more varied in kind.
2. Some offal is obtainable every week. Tripe (except in hot weather) every day.
3. Meat pies, breakfast sausage and liver sausage are plentiful.
4. The bacon ration has certainly been reduced.
5. Boiled ham is obtainable on points every Friday.
6. Rabbits are obtainable at least every fortnight.
7. Points goods—Spam, Prem, Veal Loaf, etc., are plentiful. Sardines were off the market for three weeks and are now back again.

Perhaps the Labour speakers she mentions have a right to their "smug complacency" when one looks at our neighbours without a Labour Government. On the Continent, no rations are honoured at all and people of my own standard of income, unable to afford Black Market prices, have to exist on lentils and macaroni.

Housewives with small incomes in England should realise how sane the Government of England is, compared with the rest of Europe.

16a Great Russell Mansions, JOAN H. M. ROE
London, W.C.1.

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SIR,—As a single man, who has shopped and cooked for himself for years on one ration book, may I say that my experience entirely confirms Critic's views on the food situation, and makes it extremely difficult for me to sympathise with hungry housewives—especially those who complain that they are tired of fish because they cannot get their favourite flavourings to go with it. I eat out about once a week—certainly no oftener than I entertain at home in return—and, except that I am a vegetarian, I have no privileged sources of supply. Perfectly fit, and with a healthy appetite, I shop with one aim and one only: a balanced diet of the greatest food value. And I get it. And quite definitely my rations and points provide it with greater variety than they did a year ago. Admittedly the vegetarian has a good start: his 12 ounces of cheese goes far further than an erratic equation of meat and bones.

I have no political axe to grind. I am not claiming that food in Britain is abundant, varied and to everybody's taste. And, indeed, in a war-ravaged world where there is not enough food to go round, and actual starvation is sapping the life of whole populations, I should be ashamed to claim it. But I do claim that if we shop wisely, and are prepared to put food values first in what we buy and eat, we have ample food to keep us strong and healthy—even without eating in restaurants.

If that seems cold comfort to those who once lived to eat, it will at least sound like heaven itself to the millions who beg only that they may eat to live.

26 Beechcroft Road, DONALD GILCHRIST
Oxford.

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SIR,—In this district most of the items mentioned by Eunice Tiedeman as unprocurable are very easy to get and involve no queueing.

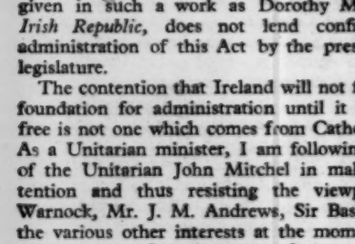
It would seem to me that it is the distribution which is at fault. Friends in other parts of the country have complained of a shortage of soap for instance. This is by no means plentiful here but has always been enough to meet our needs.

So I can quite agree with Critic's statement, although as the wife of a working man bringing in between £4 10s. and £5 per week with two children to keep, I find there is one snag. More and more things from cucumbers and cauliflower to best salmon and tinned tongues must be labelled "occasional luxuries." (MRS.) R. BRADSHAW

Gravesend, Kent.

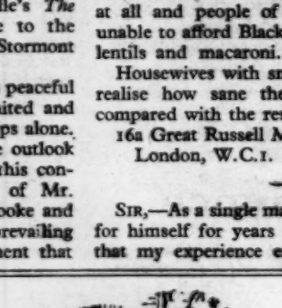
## AUTHORS AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—The Society of Authors, in demanding higher fees for scripts from the B.B.C. claims to be the champion of the Young Writer. But if young writers compare the fees they receive from giving a talk on

A survey in 19 countries revealed that Parker Pens were more sought after than all other makes of pen. People want them because of their satisfying performance and dependability, but they have often to wait for them, as fine workmanship cannot be hurried.

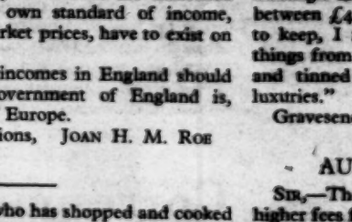
PARKER PENS
BUSH HOUSE, W.C.2



*For the Garden*

This wheeled garden couch and wrought iron table are but two examples of the many pieces of well designed metal garden furniture to be found at

HEAL'S
196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1



A Green Field is Heaven

to poor mothers and children who live in the drab and dreary parts of our cities and towns and rarely get the chance of leaving such surroundings.

The Church Army is doing all it can to give as many as possible a much-needed rest and change in the country or by the sea.

It costs 30/- to provide a week for a mother and baby — £3.10s.0d. for a mother and two children.

Your gift in support of Church Army Fresh Air Homes will be welcomed by Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head

CHURCH ARMY
55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

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the B.B.C. (ten to fifteen guineas for a fifteen-minute talk), with the payment made by reputable newspapers and journals for published articles (five guineas per thousand), they will soon admit that it is more worth their while to write for the B.B.C. than for the press. Speaking from personal experience, a broadcast talk takes a far shorter time to prepare than an article for publication. Probably this is not the case for the practised artists of the Society of Authors, who can write good prose to their own satisfaction as easily, and sometimes more easily, than they can write good broadcasts. They, no doubt, can command high fees from the press precisely because they are established artists, and the difference between the generous rates offered them by newspapers and the B.B.C.'s guinea a minute is doubtless as striking as the difference between the B.B.C.'s guinea a minute and the miserable rates offered by the press to young writers.

As for the *Listener*, what an excellent thing it is that first-rate material can be retailed to a huge public at so low a price! Surely all authors should feel proud that they can thus contribute so effectively to the intellectual life of the nation.

So as not to appear to be trying to get into Aunty's good books I sign myself.

OCCASIONAL BROADCASTER

## LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—The need for a more salient presentation of the Labour point of view in University politics, referred to by "Social Democrat," is undoubtedly real and urgent.

In the University of Oxford, however, it has not gone by unnoticed: an Oxford University Labour Club has recently been formed, and though it has been in existence for little more than a term, it has already a membership of about five hundred undergraduates.

Before the new Labour Club was formed, Labour Party supporters were members of the O.U. Socialist Club, a heterogeneous Left-wing body, where they were continually hampered and embarrassed by the Communists. When in February of this year the Labour members resigned from the Socialist Club, they received the support of the Christian Socialist Movement (which is becoming quite a force in Oxford politics) and the majority of the non-party Socialists. There resulted a strong Labour Club, in opposition to the Conservatives and the Liberals on the one hand, and in contra-distinction to the now Communist-dominated Socialist Club on the other. It is to be hoped that wherever possible Labour supporters in other Universities will follow Oxford's example and organise themselves into distinct Labour organisations. They will find the National Association of Labour Student Organisations ready and eager to help them.

J. R. MORRIS
(Press Liaison Officer, O.U. Labour Club)

## GOWLAND HOPKINS

SIR,—In Mr. Ritchie Calder's able and warm-hearted appreciation of Sir Gowland Hopkins he is, I think, in one respect unjust. He suggests that before Sir Gowland's discovery of vitamins in 1912, hunger was merely regarded as a problem to be met by Poor Relief, the Salvation Army or Lady Bountiful. A study of the views of any serious Liberal or Labour reformer in the decade before Sir Gowland's discovery shows that this statement is not only ungenerous but wrong. To give an example fresh in my mind—Mr. Jowett's magnificent tussle in Bradford to feed the children, admirably described by Mr. Brockway, took place nine years before 1912. Writing in 1909 Lord Bryce thought that one of the few hopeful portents for the twentieth century was "the stronger feeling of responsibility for the less fortunate sections of the community" which he thought "likely to spread into the field of civic action."

As a nation we are increasingly making obeisance to "the scientist" and "the expert." A study of history would, however, suggest that while social reforms may gain something from the precision of the scientist they gain most from the warmer feelings and broader outlook of less specialised men and women.

ROGER FULFORD

[Ritchie Calder says: "I did not suggest that there were no critics of the Poor Law attitude. What Hopkins and the science of nutrition did was to give the progressives the ammunition of incontrovertible facts."—Ed. *N. S. & N.*]

## THE CATHOLIC INDEX

SIR,—Mr. Harold Binns states that a novel by Richardson is included in the Roman Catholic *Index* of forbidden books. I have not seen the *Index* itself; but the anonymous "Enquiry Bureau" in a recent issue of the *Universe* (the Roman Catholic newspaper) warmly defends both the *Index* as an institution and in particular the inclusion in it of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

House of Commons. TOM DRIBERG

## PAUL NASH

SIR,—In memory of the late Paul Nash a volume illustrative of his development as a painter is now being prepared. The book, which I am editing, has been based on a scheme which had been drawn up by Paul Nash himself some time before his death, though certain alterations naturally had to be made in view of its memorial character.

In order to make the volume of the greatest possible use to scholars, we are anxious to include a full list of all the paintings which were exhibited by Mr. Nash during his lifetime and have since passed into private collections. I should be most grateful if, through the medium of your columns, I might ask any of your readers who have in their possession oil paintings, watercolours or drawings by Paul Nash, to communicate with me c/o Messrs. Percy Lund Humphries and Co., 12 Bedford Square, W.C.1, and I will then send to them a list of the details concerning the pictures in their possession which will be needed for the catalogue. When this material has been collated, it will be possible to see whether a catalogue *raisonné* can be attempted.

MARGOT E. EATES

## EXCHANGE PAPERS

SIR,—In reply to a letter of mine which the Editor of the American *Nation* was kind enough to publish I have the addresses of many Americans who would like to exchange their read copies of the *Nation* or the *New Republican* for the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and in some cases for the *Economist* or a progressive News letter.

This appears to be an excellent opportunity of getting a better understanding between our countries—would it might be done with Russia as well!—and I should be pleased to send an address to any of your readers who care to send me a stamped addressed envelope.

17 Forest Court, Snaresbrook, E.11. P. DENIS GOODALL

## WAR OF THE HEMISPHERES

SIR,—Thank you for Mr. Calder's outspoken article "War of the Hemispheres." It shows conclusively the utter folly of engaging in any sort of power-politics—for this country at any rate. It should be compulsory for all Cabinet Ministers as well as for all Service Chiefs to read it. Let them prove the facts mentioned by Mr. Calder to be wrong and to refute his arguments—if they can. The article should be widely distributed in pamphlet form.

L. ROSENBERG

To ensure receiving THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION each week readers are recommended to place a definite order with their newsagent.

*For postal subscription rates see page 441.*

## Company Meetings

### AULT & WIBORG LIMITED

The Annual General Meeting of Ault and Wiborg, Ltd., was held on June 6 in London.

Mr. Gerald Wellesley (the Chairman) said that the turnover of the company and its subsidiaries had increased during the year to such an extent that, despite a lower margin of profits on sales, the net earnings amounted to £180,018. The directors recommended the transfer to reserve account of £30,000 and the payment of a dividend of 23½ per cent., less tax, on the ordinary shares, making 30 per cent. During the past 12 years £315,000 had been ploughed back into the business. This represented a percentage of 49½ per cent. of the total profits earned after payment of tax and amounted to almost one and a half times the total issued ordinary capital of the company.

The board had always been on the look-out for businesses of the right type through which they would be enabled to expand their activities and to make full use of their own extensive research facilities. Accordingly, during the past few months, they had acquired the entire issued capital of the following five companies: Associated British Cellulose, Ltd.; Allied Paints and Chemicals, Ltd.; Cecil Oliver, Ltd.; A. Learner and Co., Ltd., and Wembley Paint Co., Ltd., all of which were actively and successfully engaged in the production of paints, industrial finishes and metal decorating products. Their acquisition would enable the company to give an increasingly comprehensive service to all users of these products.

The Report was adopted.

## DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

### MOST SATISFACTORY ACCOUNTS.

THE 48th ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., was held on June 11th in London.

Sir J. George Beharrell, D.S.O., the chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

The accounts before you are in my opinion the most satisfactory and impressive ever submitted to a general meeting of this company. During 1946 the Dunlop organisation throughout the world was engaged in the process of conversion from war to peace, and in spite of many difficulties this was, on the whole, satisfactorily carried forward.

With regard to the plantations, the crop that is being harvested now exceeds the 1941 rate of production; our most valuable business in the form of concentrated latex has been re-established, shipments being now comparable in quantity and quality with those of 1941. This had not been achieved without careful planning, heavy expenditure, and the most strenuous work on the part of our staff in Malaya under most difficult conditions.

During the past year important developments have taken place in the rubber markets of the world. So far as this country and British producing areas are concerned, rubber was completely freed from Government control with effect from January 1st, 1947. Bulk buying by the U.S.A. Government ceased as from the 31st March, but control of usage still continues. I feel that we have now definitely reached the stage where the world rubber position can be discussed in a clearer atmosphere—free from the effect of those artificial restrictions which have so fundamentally affected the world rubber position since the beginning of the war.

#### ALL TYRES SOLD.

We sold all the tyres we could make, and in this connection you will be interested to know that the number of miles run by public service vehicles on Dunlop tyres was greater in 1946 than in any previous year in the company's history.

Production is our country's greatest need to-day. We have laid our plans to increase Dunlop productivity and extend Dunlop activities, as and when supplies of fuel, labour and materials permit. Organisation throughout the world, excluding (as for the moment we must) Germany and Japan, is well equipped to face whatever difficulties and opportunities the future may provide.

Turning to the position which faces Britain as a whole, I need not remind you that our over-riding need is for a great increase of production, in order to pay for essential imports and to maintain our standard of life. This position is becoming daily more and more fully recognised. We have the necessary skill in management, design and craftsmanship; our reputation for fair dealing and for high quality stands as high as ever; and I am convinced that as soon as these engaged in our factories realise that production is not going to be continually held up by failure of essential supplies, they will respond to the Nation's need, and we shall achieve an output per worker surpassing in volume and value for money anything that has been accomplished in this country before.

The report was adopted.

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industrialist

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*These all value the unrivalled services of the*

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE present century has seen the development of many new approaches to the problems of social anthropology. What began with early travellers' accounts of the apparently strange customs of so-called primitive peoples has in our lifetime been developed into something approaching an exact science, the findings of which can no longer be ignored by anyone seriously concerned with the solution of the urgent problem of world integration.

Between the two world wars sociologists began to realise that no particular trait of culture could be properly understood apart from its general setting; that it is necessary to understand not only the individual as he lives within the framework of his own particular culture, but also that culture as the individual lives it. This would seem to be no more than common sense; nevertheless, far too many of us still insist upon judging the behaviour of foreign peoples by our own standards; we are surprised when that people's reaction to a given set of circumstances differs from what our own would be. It seems, for instance, incredible that the Japanese should be treating the members of the occupation army almost as honoured guests when we, in similar conditions, would react in a quite different manner.

It was an American anthropologist, Dr. Ruth Benedict, who first made a serious study of the relation between the individual and his culture, of the attitudes controlling individual and group behaviour. In her first book, *Patterns of Culture* (published in 1934), she advanced the theory that in nearly every society certain emotional controls and certain ideal standards of conduct prevail, and that these account for much which seems to us abnormal when looked at from the standpoint of our own civilisation.

Her method is to record the details of daily life, many of which at first appear to be unrelated, and arrange them into a synthesis. To those who have never tried it this may seem to present no particular difficulty. In the business of daily life, however, so many things are taken for granted. Most of us act instinctively; in accordance, in fact, with the pattern of our own particular culture; we do not think of the reasons for a line of action. But once the pattern of a culture has been uncovered, the relative importance of its various components can be seen in a different and brighter light.

In her new book, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* (*Secker and Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.), Dr. Benedict has described the pattern of Japanese culture, and in doing so has given a lucid explanation of what it is that makes Japan a nation of Japanese, and why they behave as they do. She has noted the habits that are expected and taken for granted, and has given a very clear account of "those situations when any Japanese can count on courtesy and those situations when he cannot, when he feels shame, when he feels embarrassed, what he requires of himself." The title of the book refers to the apparently dichotomous character of the Japanese, who give an honoured place to actors and artists, have a fondness for the cultivation of chrysanthemums, yet are also devoted to the cult of the sword, and can thus accord the warrior a high place in their social hierarchy. But this peculiarity is only seen as a dichotomy when Japanese culture is judged by western standards, and one of the great merits of this book is that it succeeds in rationalising what is, to those who have never lived among the Japanese, the most puzzling of contradictions. Nevertheless, as Dr. Benedict points out, "both the sword and the chrysanthemum are a part of the picture. The Japanese are, to the highest degree, both aggressive and unaggressive, both militaristic and aesthetic, both insolent and polite, rigid and adaptable, submissive and resentful of being pushed around, loyal and treacherous, brave and timid, conservative and hospitable to new ways. They are terribly concerned about what other people will think of their behaviour, and they are also overcome by guilt when other people know nothing of their misstep. Their soldiers are disciplined to the hilt but are also insubordinate."

In normal circumstances no one would consider writing a book of this kind without first spending some time in first-hand observation of the people concerned. The war made it impossible for the author to visit Japan. By June, 1944, however, the Allied armies were beginning to face the Japanese at increasingly closer quarters, and it had become important to answer a multitude of questions about our enemy. "We had to know what their government could count on from the people. We had to try to understand Japanese habits of thought and emotion and the patterns into which these habits fell. We had to know the sanctions behind these actions and opinions. We had to put aside for the moment the premises on which we act as Americans and to keep ourselves as far as possible from leaping to the easy conclusion that what we would do in a given situation was what they would do."

Luckily the literature about Japan is enormous; fortunate, too, the United States contains some 100,000 people of Japanese ancestry, and it was largely from these people, many of whom had received at least some part of their education in Japan itself, that Dr. Benedict obtained most of her information. The majority of them have by no means a perfect knowledge of Japanese, and can express themselves better in English. Nevertheless they have a natural "feeling" for the customs and behaviour of the people to whom by race they belong, and many of them are now playing an important part in the army of occupation. From the people of the United States they have, in one way and another, received a pretty raw deal and it is therefore all the more gratifying to note that Dr. Benedict makes a special point of testifying to their help and kindness when she was gathering material for this book. In the circumstances it could not have been written without them; but it is necessary to point out that such shortcomings as it possesses (and the author herself is well aware of the handicap under which she was forced to work) are due very largely to this source of information.

The main thesis which runs, like a thread, right through the book, is based on a study of certain fundamental obligations which every true Japanese acknowledges. The carrying out of these obligations implies certain reciprocal behaviour, and it is the working out of these two complementary attitudes in the social life of the people which forms the basis of the Japanese pattern of culture. Once the way in which they operate is understood, much that to the occidental seems meaningless and out of character is seen in its proper perspective.

> *On* is a Debt and must be repaid, but in Japan all repayments are regarded as falling into another category entirely. The Japanese find our morals, which confuse these two categories in our ethics and in our neutral words like obligation and duty, as strange as we would find financial dealings in some tribe whose language did not separate "debtor" from "creditor" in money transactions. To them the primary and ever-present indebtedness called *on* is worlds apart from the active, bowstring-taut repayment which is named in a whole series of other concepts. A man's indebtedness (*on*) is not virtue; his repayment is. Virtue begins when he dedicates himself actively to the job of gratitude.

Arising out of *on* is the reciprocal obligation of *giri*. This is of two kinds. First of all there is *giri* which one owes to the world; secondly, that which is due to oneself. In the first category are such matters as duties to a liege-lord; duties to the affinal family; duties to people who are not blood relations. What the author calls "*Giri*-to-one's-own-name," which might be described as a Japanese version of the German conception of *die Ehre*, includes such things as the duty to clear one's reputation of insult or imputation of failure, and the duty to fulfil the Japanese proprieties, such as observing the correct respect-behaviour, not living above one's station in life, curbing all displays of emotion on inappropriate occasions, and so on.

One particularly valuable result of Dr. Benedict's method of approach is that here, and for the first time, is what seems to me a correct judgment on the status of women in Japan.

> The daughter-in-law comes into the household as a stranger. It is her duty to learn how her mother-in-law likes to have things done and then to learn to do them. In many cases the mother-in-law quite explicitly takes the position that the young wife is not nearly good enough for her son, and in other cases it can be inferred that she has considerable jealousy. But, as the Japanese saying goes, "the hated daughter-in-law keeps bearing beloved grandchildren," and *ko* (filial piety) is therefore always present. The young daughter-in-law is on the surface endlessly submissive, but generation after generation these mild and charming creatures grow up into mothers-in-law as exacting and as critical as their own mothers-in-law were before them. They cannot express their aggressions as young wives, but they do not therefore become genuinely mild human beings. In later life they turn, as it were, an accumulated weight of resentment against their own daughters-in-law.

Foreign observers, from Lafcadio Hearn and Pierre Loti onwards, have generally misinterpreted the Japanese female character. They have failed to recognise what lies beneath the required facade of extreme modesty and apparent submission to the male. They have, moreover, not realised that in conventional Japanese society a marriage is contracted for family reasons and the procreation of children; it has little connection with the state of love as we understand it. This does not necessarily mean, however, that Japanese women find no happiness in a status which to a western woman would seem intolerable. In recent months we have heard much about the changed status of women which has been brought about by the occupation authorities. Nevertheless, in last month's general election less than half of the women exercised their right to vote. We might do well to remember that democracy can take many forms and that our task now is not to force the Japanese to adopt our (or rather the American) version of it, but to help them to adapt it to their own particular needs.

With the general findings of this book I am in complete agreement; but in some of the detail, presumably obtained from her American-Japanese informants, I believe Dr. Benedict has gone astray. It is, for example, not correct that "Japanese are especially shocked at adult passive homosexuality in the United States," since this particular inversion is extremely common, especially among Kabuki actors. Nor are male geisha necessarily homosexual.

In my opinion Dr. Benedict tries at times to push her theories too far; to see the workings of *on* or *giri* in every, even the most trivial, manifestations of Japanese life. I cannot believe, for instance, that "even the acceptance of a cigarette from a person with whom a man has previously had no ties makes him uncomfortable." I doubt if it even occurs to him that he is thus entangling himself in the intricacies of *on*. If this were true the Japanese would not, as they now do, openly cadge for cigarettes from members of the occupation army.

My only real criticism of this book, and it is more a criticism of the method in general, is that Dr. Benedict assumes that all Japanese conform to the pattern of their culture. There are, of course, misfits in every society, and my own experience leads me to believe that the proportion in Japan is very much higher than elsewhere. These non-conformists are likely to play an important part in the reorganisation of their country; but we must be careful to realise that they are nevertheless a minority; the people we have to keep a watch on are the huge majority who still do conform to the pattern.

This book is far more than a most stimulating guide to the regeneration of Japan. It is that; and it is also a contribution to human thought and a valuable aid to international understanding. There is an urgent need for many more studies of the same kind.

JOHN MORRIS

## YUGOSLAV SAGA

**Partisan Picture.** By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Bedford Books.* 18s.

Here at last is an account of the partisan war in Yugoslavia that is worthy of its extraordinary subject. Colonel Davidson was one of the earliest British parachutists to join his life's cause with that of the partisans; for about eighteen months he lived their strange Robin Hood existence, lying in the woods by day, sending wireless messages to the British by night; hiding, knees to chin with young men and girl partisans in stinking holes, listening to the steps and the curses of the Fascists seeking them in the farmyards above their heads; fighting deadly battles against an enemy who knew no scruples, battles in which capture for the enemy meant death by shooting, for the partisans often death by torture. The story of Tito's army is the most "heroic"—in the literal, Homeric sense of the word—in a world war that included both the mass destruction of bombing and the individual combat of wit and muscle that modern weapons are supposed to have out-moded.

The Partisans had for enemies Germans, Hungarians and Italians and three groups of home-bred Fascists, of whom the most savage were the Ustache, terrorists trained by Mussolini in every art of torture and cruelty. Most galling of all, these partisan volunteers from the peasantry of Serbia, Slovenia, Croatia, Macedonia and Bosnia (who would have none with them except volunteers who staked their lives) had as enemies the London Government of King Peter. They knew of the wireless messages sent to the Pan-Serb Mihailovich, instructing him to wait and risk no reprisals from the Germans, and they knew that his officers and, even it seems, Draza himself, made terms with the Fascist enemy. They knew no shades of guilt. Nothing had happened in their lives to make them tolerant. They were simple men and women with a single enemy who had too many heads.

Early in his narrative Colonel Davidson summarises their outlook on life. It was at first as strange to him, a British officer, as it is still unintelligible, it seems, to some in Whitehall and Washington. Lying in the woods, watching the smoke rise as the Fascists fired their villages, they did not readily understand why the Allies were slow to aid them. The British parachute officer had to gain their trust.

None of them had had experience of Anglo-Saxon manners of indifference; small wonder they often found us incomprehensible, took our affectation for indecision, suspected funk in our reluctance, feared sarcasm in our understatement, saw weakness in our admiration, under-rated our intelligence. Only their patent courage and disinterest won them our forgiveness.

The partisans owed much of their doctrine to Communist leaders who, under the Serbian dictatorship, had had long experience of outlawry. But their discipline, incredibly rigorous and Puritanical, was self-imposed and their incentives were the product, not of doctrinaires but of circumstances. They fought a war quite unlike that of the West where rules still existed, even if they were broken, and where hopes of a return to a pre-war world were still fostered in the soldier's heart. Colonel Davidson describes their single-minded philosophy.

Theirs was far more than a purely political cause. They saw the future as their own interpretation of Utopia, and this Utopia not a chromium-plated paradise or a surfeit of paternal benignity, but simply an affair of honest government and self-respect. It would be enough to remove the Fascists and what they stood for, and men would live at peace. . . .

For them it was enough that the political federation and democracy they talked of would be accomplished, not by the hackneyed shibboleths of constitution-makers, but by the moral will and effort of every man and woman who could fight for it and vote for it. Their faith gave them complete justification. They were content to point the way of escape for a civilisation whose basis they condemned, their evident logic being the wretchedness their rulers had heaped on them for untold centuries; and they were not troubled, in their eagerness and desperation, to examine their metaphysics or their morals.

And, once more, phrases that may give the West some clue.

They were ready to fight to the limit of the superhumanly possible, and they would accept amongst themselves no palliation or excuse for failure. . . . The conditions upon which they accepted to fight the occupying armies were so frightful in the scale of reprisal on the civil population that weaknesses would have quickly undone their voluntary system and put paid to their movement. . . . The enemy they saw as a bloody murderer who must be destroyed in any guise he might adopt; it would not do to temporize with him as they temporized with his forerunners in the past. . . .

They saw no need to propound a moral system; the peasants whom they led would be justified by works. . . . they were concerned to build schools and to teach reading and writing and arithmetic to everyone, and that would take a generation or two; and after that to build universities and exploit the sciences, and that would take several more; and to abolish obscurantism and illiteracy and blindness and beastliness, and to put in drains and irrigation and electric power, and modern means of transport and steel ploughs. . . .

In this spirit Tito's army fought. It consisted in the end of some 400,000 men and women, inured to every conceivable hardship, tough beyond the reach of our urbanised imagination. Incredibly, they actually aided the Allied cause to the extent of holding 25 enemy divisions. Of necessity victory brought some disillusion and, more serious, it meant the ascendency of the trained and indoctrinated Communist, whose hold was naturally strengthened by the post-war hostility of the West. A peasant, who insisted on the job that seemed due to a man of his fighting quality, might learn with discouragement that killing Germans with his hands in the woods was not certainly a qualification for running a country in time of peace. But the legend of this war—again, I use legend in its literal sense—is the foundation of the new Yugoslavia. When I was lucky enough, a few months after liberation, to visit with Colonel Davidson some of the scenes of the fighting he describes and to meet some of his partisan friends, every village was eager to welcome one who had fought its battles and to recall their details of common experience, with a bottle of "rakya," in which to toast the fellowship of the past and the future promise of a Yugoslavia in which Croat, Serb, Slovene and Macedonian should live and work for their liberated fatherland.

Our tardy recognition of the partisan movement and our substantial aid to it in its final stages was one of the most hopeful events of the war; men like Davidson were the best ambassadors in this strange, savage and splendid land. Europe's tragedy has been that our government repented of its wisdom, and so aided those in Slav countries who did not want to believe that any good thing could come out of the West.

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**Fathers and Children** and **Rudin.** By IVAN TURGENEV. Translated by RICHARD HARE. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

**Penguin Russian Review No. 3.**

Russians and Britons have long admired each other's literature, or rather so much of it as was translated, but both sides have relied too much on versions which lose most of the poetry and the style. For instance Russian admiration for

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Shakespeare has rested almost wholly on his human and dramatic qualities and there are very few Russians who have any conception of the wealth of our poetical literature.

Likewise we have known some only of the Russian classics and that through the medium of translations which generally bear the relation of daguerreotypes to the original. For all that we must be eternally grateful to Constance Garnett whose translations opened the door to a new world over fifty years ago. Even her mannerisms have become part of literary history.

Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Children* and *Rudin* are fairly accurate but they are flat. Only a very knowledgable reader could guess that beauty of style is one of Turgenev's greatest qualities. His wonderful thumbnail sketches of country scenes become little more than interruptions of the narrative. In the dialogue the characters tend to lose their individuality and the whole effect becomes slightly unnatural, partly because Russians do sometimes say things which are not often said in English, but much more because the translation often gives the literal equivalent rather than the phrase which an English person would use in the same context.

Mrs. Garnett helps to solve the problem of remembering Russian names by providing a list of characters complete with Christian name, surname, patronymic and nickname (her transliterations show incidentally that she was extraordinarily insensitive to the pronunciation of Russian). But would it not be better still to adopt whenever possible the western European usage of Christian name and surname only? The use of the patronymic can indeed convey a shade of meaning but this is lost on most of those who use translations. And why for instance cannot the "Lyesny Institute" be translated as the "Institute of Forestry"?

Russian is a highly inflected language and inflections make for compression and for flexibility in the order of words. Moreover the Russian diminutives sometimes convey an overtone which is absent even from our own rich English. So the dialogue of the great Russians combines a warmth and pithiness which is scarcely translatable.

Mr. Richard Hare's Russian scholarhip is beyond question and his new version of Turgenev will be welcomed. He has, it would seem, very sensibly kept Mrs. Garnett's translation handy while preparing his own. The new Turgenev is markedly more readable than its predecessor and some of the descriptions of nature come across in English for the first time but the dialogue still tends to be flat and strained.

Both translators omit occasional phrases which they judge to be untranslatable and both have gone badly off the rails in rendering the touching passage in *Fathers and Children* when the old Bazarovs are deserted by their son. Mr. Hare's translation runs:

> "He has abandoned us, cast us off!" he muttered. "Abandoned us, he only feels bored with us now. Alone, all alone, like one finger," he repeated several times, holding out his hand with the forefinger standing out from the others.
>
> Then Arina Vlasyevna came up to him and leaning her grey head against his grey head, she said: "What can we do, Vasya? A son is a piece broken off. He is like a falcon that flies home and flies away again when it wants; but you and I are like mushrooms growing in the hollow of a tree, we sit side by side without moving from the same place."
>
> Vassily Ivanovich took his hands from his face and embraced his wife, his friend, as warmly as he had ever embraced her in his youth; she comforted him in his sorrow.

Mrs. Garnett leaves out the sentence about the forefinger and inserts another sentence which appears to have escaped Mr. Hare's notice. She translates the last paragraph clumsily but gets a point which Mr. Hare misses. "Vassily Ivanovich took his hands from his face and clasped his wife, his friend, as warmly as he had never clasped in youth; she comforted him in his grief."

Before writing this article I tried my own hand at translating a famous passage from Turgenev's *Prose Poems* and I am bound to admit that it was not an easy task but neither was it impossible. The current number of the Penguin Russian Review has, amongst other interesting things, some translations from Gorky by Mr. Walter Morison which show that little or nothing of the quality of idiomatic Russian dialogue need be lost in translation. But in translating the narrative passages even Mr. Morison sometimes gets lost in the long inflected sentences and the order of his words tends to be un-English. Moreover at the climax of his best story he gives us the hero "eating, with an ache in my heart, the porridge with plaice and sturgeon in it."

There is still room for new versions of Turgenev and it is interesting to learn that Mr. George Reavey is now working on *Fathers and Children*.

JOHN LAWRENCE

## THE CAUSES OF WAR

**War, Sadism and Peace.** By EDWARD GLOVER. *Allen and Unwin.* 9s. 6d.

The first three of these essays were published in 1933 and to them was added "An Outline of Research," which is republished in the present volume. Dr. Glover's thesis is that war and peace are waged by individual men, and that we shall not understand the factors responsible for either unless we apply the teachings of psycho-analysis to the solution of the problem. Unless we spend as much time and trouble on research into infantile aggression and its control as we spend, say, cancer research, we shall not come anywhere near the prevention of war or the establishment of enduring peace.

The addition to his earlier essays, some ten chapters written between 1938 and 1945, are Dr. Glover's contribution to his research scheme. The same fundamental points are made: the forces and phantasies of destruction to which frustration gives rise, the mixture of sex, aggression, and guilt which emerge in sadism and masochism, the entanglement of the individual in the group, by means of which he can project his hate abroad, these are the forces which operate behind the scenes. No "rational" considerations can compete with them, because "reason" is more often their tool than their master. If this is so, and I believe Dr. Glover to be right, then only research into the nature of elementary aggression and the methods employed unconsciously to stem the tide will help us to prevent another war. Fortunately, in addition to the study of child psychology, we can investigate cases in which the outbreak of legitimised aggression has proved too much for "conscience" to cope with, cases, that is to say, of "war neurosis," and much of Dr. Glover's work is concerned with these. Fortunately, too, anthropological studies of primitive warfare, and its rituals, can throw some light. But let no one think that Dr. Glover sounds a note of hope. In his view we are still in deepest ignorance about the real forces at work, and all we can do is to go on researching into a subject which very few people seem to take seriously. In his opinion aggression is ineradicable; we must aim at reducing it as much as possible by removing frustration wherever we can, and we must bolster up the forces of love by re-establishing family solidarity, and the warmth of smaller communities.

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KEGAN PAUL

of the atom bomb, Dr. Glover expresses supreme contempt. The atom bomb, in fact, makes matters worse because even if we refrain from using it in the service of aggression, our masochism may be such that "man may satisfy his urges to bring disaster on others by enduring it himself." Surely anyone who has noted the behaviour of war leaders, the changes of front of peace-makers, the inconsistency of our treatment of enemy countries, the fantastic expectation that the defeated, having suffered punishment, will still feel guilty, and the "impenetrable smugness" of the victors, must have come to the conclusion that the forces of unreason are busily at work on what are known as "the highest levels." If the psychological approach is not taken seriously, then, indeed, it will not matter, as Dr. Glover puts it, "whether politicians build a new *Palais des Nations* every thirty years or whether they hang anti-war charms on rhododendron bushes."

W. J. H. SPROTT

## THE ROCK POOL

**The Rock Pool.** By CYRIL CONNOLLY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Connolly's novel, first published in Paris eleven years ago, turns out to be one of those works which, like well-born wines, improve with age. There are several reasons for this: some of the writing has been revised; the setting has acquired a period flavour; and, probably more important, the sensibility of the reader has changed. For my part, at any rate, I was dismayed, when I first read it, by the author's cruelty to his characters, his delight in exposing their weaknesses and staging the process of their delinquescence. The sufferings caused by the last German war have been, and still remain, so extravagant as to drive almost all of us towards stoicism, a philosophy that discourages indulgence in pity as well as in pleasure. I look forward more eagerly than hopefully to a reaction against this detestable philosophy, a rehabilitation of pleasure and pity. Meanwhile, *The Rock Pool* can no longer shock: compared, for instance, with M. Sartre, Mr. Connolly seems all sun and sweetness, a believer, at least, in the desirable life.

*The Rock Pool* has the same theme as *South Wind*, the destructive influence of environment upon an intruder's moral values. The tone of the book is very different: whereas Mr. Douglas continues the indulgent geniality of Anatole France, Mr. Connolly resumes the pejorism and cold-bloodedness of Flaubert. The last state of his hero is worse than his first: he begins as a Wykehamist and ends as a sot.

*The Rock Pool* reveals one of the supreme gifts of the novelist: short as it is, it makes real to us the passage of time. The construction suggests indeed, most falsely, the artfulness of a much beribboned veteran. Mr. Connolly shows us the specious foundations of a character being gradually eroded, the paint peeling off the leaning and lezarded walls, till the whole superstructure crumbles into a shapeless heap of thirsty dust. Even so, after an air raid, one was amazed by the smallness to which an imposing house had been crushed, a low pile of broken bricks and plaster, with a few planks protruding.

Sharp as is the portraiture in this novel—of "displaced persons," whose displacement came not from the savagery of others, but from their own neurosis—the chief strength of the book is in the style. Mr. Connolly treats his glum subject with brush strokes that are extraordinarily lively. Take, for instance, this account of the author's beloved Mediterranean, as it appears to the dilapidated hero:

> The taxi took them along by the sea margin; a belated cicada chirred in a dusty pine; scattered uncomfortable villas gave way to broken rocks; the woods of the cape, spotted with hoardings, came down to the inhospitable beaches, filling the air with the scent of resin, and a shameless chocolate-box sunset disfigured the west. The intolerable melancholy, the dinginess, the corruption of that tainted inland sea overcame him. He felt the breath of centuries of wickedness and disillusion; how many civilizations had staled on that bright promontory! Sterile Phoenicians, commercial-minded Greeks, destructive Arabs, Catalans, Genoese, hysterical Russians, decayed English, drunken Americans, had mingled with the autochthonous gangsters—everything that was vulgar, acquisitive, piratical and decadent in capitalism had united there, crooks, gigolos, gold-diggers and captains of industry through twenty-five centuries had sprayed their cupidity and bad taste over it. As the enormous red sun sank in the purple sea (the great jakes, the tideless cloaca of the ancient world) the pathos of accumulated materialism, the Latin hopelessness seemed almost to rise up and hit him. Like Arab music, utterly plaintive, utterly cynical, the waves broke imperceptibly over the guano-coloured rocks.

Not a page in this book that fails to put forth heady epithets and adverbs like petals curling round the stiff, pollened verbs.

One may suspect that devout concern with style is being extruded from our society which is losing all feeling for quality. In this respect, at least, the Century of the much too Common Man is already established. The obsolescence of the parasites whom Mr. Connolly has chosen to portray will dispose every young reader against his book, make it indeed all but unintelligible. Only a few of us presbyopic survivors from another civilisation will take to our ageing hearts this last cattleya from a greenhouse that now extends unheated pipes below a glassless roof.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

## TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE

**Machiavelli.** By J. H. WHITFIELD. *Blackwell.* 16s.

A great deal of knowledge can be as dangerous a thing as a little. Professor Whitfield's book proves it; it is a warning to all professors and learned persons. It is an exasperating book, for nothing is more exasperating than to see someone waste his gifts and his opportunity. There is place for a reassessment of Machiavelli in English and Professor Whitfield has all the apparatus necessary for making it. He knows everything that there is to know about Machiavelli, his contemporaries, and the history of his times. And he is not merely an expert in a narrow field of history and literature; his book shows that the net of his knowledge is immense. Unfortunately he and his book are hopelessly and inextricably entangled in it.

The book has almost every fault with which learning can load the printed page. The style suggests a snake which has tied itself into a thousand knots and then got its tail into its mouth. The knots in Professor Whitfield's style are an infinite series of parentheses, diversions, quotations, references. In this maze it is almost impossible for the reader to keep his head and find his way, and when one comes to the end of a paragraph, one continually has to go back to the beginning and re-read it in the vain hope of seeing the meaning through the learning. The book's thesis is unitary and simple; it is that the universal belief that Machiavelli was machiavellian is a complete misunderstanding and misreading of his writings and that now for the first time what he really said and meant and preached will be interpreted and explained to us by Professor Whitfield. The interpretation and explanation are useless for the great majority of English readers, because Professor Whitfield relies largely on quotation from Machiavelli and other Italian authors, quotes in the original, and does not translate. But even if one can translate the quotations, one is not much the better off,

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because more often than not in the general maze one cannot grasp their relevance.

Like the snake, too, Professor Whitfield gets the tail of his argument firmly fixed in its mouth and we go round and round and round in a knotted circle. My knowledge of Machiavelli and his commentators is to the Professor's as zero to infinity, and it is therefore presumptuous for me to say that I think he exaggerates the universal misinterpretation of Machiavelli and understates the machiavellianism of Machiavelli. His obsession for proving every commentator wrong leads him continually to break off an explanation of what Machiavelli really said or meant in order to deplore the errors of Niebuhr or Tommasini. In so far as I can understand the positive part of Professor Whitfield's thesis, it seems to maintain that Machiavelli was a passionate patriot and idealist, and therefore the opposite of machiavellian. He seems to me to be wrong on two fundamental points. He exaggerates, I think, the amount of machiavellianism which in modern times is attributed to Machiavelli, and he is therefore often engaged in the task of constructing an Aunt Sally in order to have the pleasure of knocking the pipe out of her mouth. On the other hand there is in Machiavelli's political philosophy an attitude towards politics which rightly has made him the prophet and inspiration of all who follow or excuse *Realpolitik* and the crimes perpetrated in its name. After reading Professor Whitfield, I re-read *The Prince*, and it seemed to me that the Professor ignores this attitude or has buried it somewhere in the maze.

LEONARD WOOLF

## WITCHES AND ROUNDHEADS

**Four Centuries of Witch Beliefs.** By R. TREVOR DAVIES. *Methuen.* 15s.

Was the fear of witchcraft one of the motives that caused the Great Rebellion? In plain words, were Puritans moved to overthrow King Charles because his government would give them no protection against witches? The suggestion seems far-fetched: the facts, none the less, as Mr. Trevor Davies piles them up with elaborate documentation, deserve consideration. He shows that the organised, militant fear and persecution of witches was a relatively late development in English history; that it was imported from the Continent with Calvinism in Elizabeth's reign; that it was fostered chiefly by books, pamphlets and sermons; that its focus was in Cambridge and that it was chiefly the educated class which it obsessed. Meanwhile, James I, after writing his celebrated treatise on *Daemonologie*, changed his mind after investigating some manifest frauds and thereafter did his utmost to check the persecution. His policy was continued in the next reign and for a period of twenty-four years the Puritan campaign against witchcraft was completely thwarted. The execution of witches virtually ceased and not a single new book or pamphlet against them passed the censorship, though some were smuggled in from Holland. The King's Council, the Star Chamber and the Episcopate worked consistently to suppress the witch mania. It is not easy to see in Laud a champion of humanity and rationalism, nor did any notable humanist book on the subject come from the King's party. In practice, however, the opposition between Royalists and Puritans was in this matter clear-cut.

Wherever during the Civil War the Parliament held sway, the persecution broke out afresh and once more the anti-witchcraft pamphlets poured from the press. Under the Protectorate, the executions rose to an unprecedented total. Mr. Trevor Davies is able to show that several leading men or their families on the Parliamentary side were personally involved in notorious witch cases; for example, the Fairfax family, the Earl of Essex, and the Earl of Warwick. They believed that they or their kinsmen had actually suffered disease or death through witchcraft. From Prynne to Richard Baxter, the leading Presbyterian divines held the same beliefs. Mr. Davies concedes that there is no direct evidence about Cromwell's opinions, one way or the other, and his conjectures about them are flimsy. He omits to inquire whether the Left wing of the movement, which, had turned its back on Geneva, was equally tainted. The Levellers, who would allow capital punishment only for murder, certainly were not. Walwyn's favourite reading was Montaigne and Lucian, and Overton was a decided rationalist. In the New World, while Puritan Boston and Salem revelled in this persecution, at New Plymouth the Pilgrim Fathers, who were Brownists, never executed a witch.

Then was the fear of witchcraft a serious political factor in causing the Rebellion? Had the fear been as powerful as Mr. Davies supposes, it must have found some organised expression. The King's policy of leniency would have been assailed in the debates of the Long Parliament. In the pamphleteering case against Charles's record, this reason for opposing him with arms would have figured as prominently as illegal taxes, tithes and Star Chamber methods. Finally, the citizens, if their fear had been as obsessive as Mr. Davies believes, would have addressed petitions to Parliament, calling for the suppression of witchcraft. In all his voluminous evidence, Mr. Davies has produced not a single debate, pamphlet or petition on these lines. That, surely, is a conclusive answer. The problem deserves a broader study and a more analytic treatment than it has received in this book. Account must be taken of Miss Margaret Murray's conclusive demonstration that witchcraft, as a relic of a pre-historic fertility cult opposed to Christianity, did survive into the sixteenth century and even later. We should not expect a humane rationalist to deny the existence of witches. What we should expect is a denial that they could perpetrate the criminal miracles with which they were charged, and a readiness to oppose the brutalities engendered by credulity and panic.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 2 in B flat* (Schnabel with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Dobrowen. H.M.V. DB6323–6). The first of Beethoven's concertos to be written, though published after the C major, to which it is markedly inferior. In spite of its rather low level of inspiration, it is well to possess this concerto, which we should admire if we thought Clementi had composed it. The new recording is quite as good as the recent issue of the Fourth Concerto and Schnabel's handling of the solo is if anything better than that in his first recording of the work, which appears to be still obtainable.

RAVEL: *Daphnis and Chloe*, Suites 1 and 2. (Paris Conservatoire Orch. cond. Münch. Decca K1584–6.) The issue of Suite 1 supplies a felt need, for although the *Danse Guerrière* may be rather too like the Finale of Suite 2, the *Nocturne*, with its ghostly murmur of wind in the tree-tops, and its burble of invisible streams ("*vom heute gewesenen Tage*," as Mörike so magically puts it), is no less sensuously lovely than the famous Dawn passage in Suite 2. This recording successfully puts all former ones in the shade; the performance has all the sensitiveness of tone and brilliance of attack we associate with French orchestras at their best. If only the first flute had managed the run up to his solo in the Pantomime as well as the rest of the passage! A small blemish, but tiresome in the long run.

SIBELIUS: *Tapiola* (Royal Philharmonic Orch. cond. Beecham. H.M.V. DB6412–3). Though we


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PITMAN

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may already possess Koussevitzky's excellent set of this work, it is impossible not to welcome a recording by Sir Thomas, whose conducting of Sibelius has for long set a standard. The dynamics of the work, which are sudden and tricky, are better managed in the new issue; the upper strings are specially realistic, the brass is refulgent but not course.

STRAUSS: *Don Juan* (Philharmonia Orch. cond. Galliera. Col. DX1356–7). The best set to date. The recent Decca issue, though very good, misses some of the inner detail of this romantic score. Signor Galliera misses nothing: his allegro leaves one breathless, his Donna Anna laments in perfect style, his sense of drama is operatic. The recording is of the best and never lets too much through.

HANDEL: *Organ Concertos Nos. 2 and 4* (Dr. G. D. Cunningham, with City of Birmingham Orch. cond. Weldon. Col. DX1358–60). These two fine works are evidently well played; but the recording is over-resonant and the tone quality deteriorates, more than need be, at the centre of the disc. Moreover, the bumble made by the mechanism or whatever it is that blows the organ, has been transferred to the records, interfering with the music as effectually as a strong mains hum.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *The Swan Lake*: Excerpts. (National Symphony Orch. cond. Beer. Decca K1308–9). The lightly scored numbers come off well, but the heavy tutti are rather flat and unpleasant. Performance lacks the subtler qualities of rhythm.

THOMAS: *Raymond Overture* (National Symphony Orch. cond. Boyd Neel. Decca K1299); AUBER: *Masaniello Overture* (London Symphony Orch. cond. Victor Olof. Decca K1314); WEBER: *Freischütz Overture* (London Philharmonic Orch. cond. Leinsdorf. Decca K1589); MENDELSSOHN: *Ruy Blas Overture* (National Symphony Orch. cond. Unger. Decca K1326). The first two of these overtures are scored in the *al fresco* style that can sound so blatant on the gramophone. Their aim was to work an opera-house audience up into a state of anticipatory excitement. So we must forgive the tiresome final codas, which bombinate in a vacuum. Otherwise there is a great deal to enjoy, in an innocent style of melody and composition. With *Raymond*, indeed, Mr. Boyd Neel scores something of a triumph. This is a remarkable piece of conducting, infectiously alive, and the recording has been very carefully done. *Masaniello* is also good, though sensibly less so, because the climaxes have been allowed to become too noisy. Whether you prefer the new *Freischütz* to the Columbia one issued last year, is largely a matter of personal taste. As far as conduct goes, there is very little to choose between the two performances. The Columbia recording is mellower, but on a lower dynamic level; the Decca is more immediate and striking, but I find the brass blasts unpleasantly. Apart from some rather shrill strings, *Ruy Blas* is a satisfactory recording. This vigorous piece is full of character; a concert overture, *Ruy Blas* is more highly organised, and perhaps more interesting, than most overtures intended for the theatre. In this it resembles the overtures of Berlioz, rather than those of Thomas and Auber. *Der Freischütz*, of course, is in a different class—that of *The Magic Flute, Fidelio, The Flying Dutchman.*

BAX: *Morning Song* (Harriet Cohen, with Orch. cond. Malcolm Sargent. Col. DX1361). A pleasant set of what seem to be variations on a theme from Liza Lehmann's *In a Persian Garden* ("Myself when young . . ."). Some of the incidental detail is delightful, as it so often is in Sir Arnold's music; but the composition as a whole wears a mechanical air. The performance is extremely competent and the recording achieves a good balance between orchestra and solo.

WAGNER: *Lohengrin*: Act 3, Scene 2 (Helen Traubel and Kurt Baum, with New York Philharmonic Orch. cond. Rodzinski. Col. LX991–2). The salient fact about this set is the excellence of the recording. There is plenty of space round the music, and the balance is very successful, with sufficient orchestra (for once!). The scene is complete save for two small cuts. Miss Traubel has too heavy and mature a voice for the ideal Elsa; otherwise she gives an intelligent account of that heroine's stupid insistence, although in the later part of the scene her tone becomes strained and unsteady. Herr Baum has incurred censure in some quarters for the monotony of his singing in this set, and it is a fact that he commands no great variety of expression. But the quality of his voice seems to me a good deal better—and steadier—than that of most tenors we hear nowadays.

PERGOLESI: *Stabat Mater* (Nottingham Oriana Choir, with Joan Taylor and Kathleen Ferrier and the Boyd Neel String Orch. cond. Roy Henderson. Decca K1517–21). It seems to me questionable whether this work is quite up to its reputation, which is high at the moment. Its mellifluous charm; the absolute certainty with which Pergolesi handles an idiom that holds for us no overtones of vulgarity; the absence of diffuseness and melodrama: all this may, I believe, distract our attention from the superficiality of the music, the inherent impropriety of its attitude, which is frivolous in the Jesuit style of the period. Of course, if we decide to ignore the subject, and listen to the work as a sequence of discreet pieces, in the elegant rococo manner, it can still give us the pleasures of extreme prettiness. I do not find the present recording very successful: the soloists blend well, the playing and choral singing are neat and expressive; but the balance seems to have got out of hand, with the result that the vocal tone has a nasty edge to it and blurs painfully in the more fully harmonised passages.

FAURÉ: *Après un Rêve* and *En Sourdine* (Gérard Souday, acc. Damase. Decca M604). Two of Fauré's best loved *romances*, sung with beautiful taste and tenderness. An exquisite record, in which the piano is given a more adequate allowance of tone than is usual on these occasions.

SCHUMANN: *Wer machte dich so krank? Alte Laute. Die beiden Grenadiere* (Hans Hotter, acc. Nordberg. Col. LX997). The first two songs really form a whole, and a very beautiful one. Hans Hotter takes great pains to lighten his voice here, and the result is an extremely moving performance, admirably recorded. *The Two Grenadiers* is less successful, for in it the singer goes back to his Wotan style, which is quite unsuited to Lieder and coarsens even this (musically speaking) rather gross example of Schumann's art, with its galumphing accents, its fragment of *Marseillaise*, and all.

HAYDN: "In Native Worth" (*The Creation*); HANDEL: "Total Eclipse" (*Samson*) (Webster Booth, with Orch. cond. Stanford Robinson. H.M.V. C3571). Mr. Booth's style seems unequal to the Haydn aria, which, though lovely enough in all conscience, calls for something more refined in outline and phrasing. On the other hand, he makes much more of "Total Eclipse," though his delivery hardly conveys the emotion of this superb song. The recording of both sides is very capable.

WEBER: "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" (*Oberon*) (Kirsten Flagstad, with Philadelphia Orch. cond. Ormandy. H.M.V. DB3440). This is a re-publication — and a most welcome one, for the record was well made. Probably no other living soprano could do justice to this tremendous scena, whose presence is essential to every gramophone library.

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B minor*, op. 58 (Dinu Lupatti, Col. LX994–6). A sensationally faultless performance.

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most faithfully recorded. Except perhaps for Arthur Rubinstein at his best, no pianist of to-day can rival Dinu Lupatti in understanding of the fundamentals of Chopin playing. This is the composer's largest work; it contains the whole of his genius—the decorous eloquence, the fine melancholy, the lyricism, the populous brilliance, the mature sense of form. The Rumanian pianist handles this wonderful music with scrupulous care, never insisting or attempting to impose his own personality. The tempi are regular and seldom relaxed; the complex texture unfolds itself, in complete security, from fingers that rely entirely on refinements of touch and phrasing, within a dynamic framework which avoids both violence and faintness. One might wish the headlong semi-quavers on the final page a little less swamped by the bass; but the lay-out of the passage gives warrant for this way of playing it, and in any case, the fault is small in a performance which must rejoice the hearts of all lovers of Chopin. Compared with M. Lupatti's style in this set, Alexander Brailowsky's emphatic rendering, with its heavy and perpetual rubato, cannot but seem vulgar and empty.

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas* in A (Longo 45), B flat (46), F (119), and G (154) (Kathleen Long. Decca M581–2). As far as I know, none of these sonatas has been recorded before; at any rate, they are not included in the Landowska or Pessel album, nor in the Casadesus set. Scarlatti is a master of surprise, as well as of exquisite 2- and 3-part invention. He did not attempt profound feeling in these works, but he is grave and tender, witty and ingenious. These four sonatas are admirable examples of his art: you will always be finding new beauties in them. Ideally, the harpsichord is needed to bring out some of the tonal contrasts; but Miss Long is so well aware of this, and adapts her style with so effortless a grace to the layout of the music, that it would be pedantic to cavil at the records on that score. The recording well conveys the dry, sunlit air in which this agile music moves. We may hope for more issues from the long series of unrecorded sonatas—and from the same pianist.

MASSENET: *Méditation (Thaïs)*; SARASATE: *Romanza Andaluza* (Milstein, acc. Balsam. Col. LX993). Milstein makes the very most of this shameless, but pretty, piece; managing by sheet beauty and steadiness of tone to persuade us that Massenet's tune is more sincere than it could possibly be. If you bear in mind that the immediate parents of the *Méditation* are the slow movements of Bizet's *L'Arlésienne*, you may think rather better of it. It is a mistake to despise Massenet—even with a piano accompaniment. The Sarasate affair, on the obverse, is a waste of time and space. Both pieces are well recorded.

EDUCATIONAL SERIES: *Anthology of French Poetry and Prose*, spoken by M. E. M. Stéphan (H.M.V. B9543–8). This most excellent and well-tried of broadcasters has made a series of readings which no lover of French literature will wish to be without. The national tradition of speaking lyric verse has often struck me as curiously abrupt and dry. It does so here; but there is no mistaking M. Stéphan's authority nor his perfect clarity of diction. Still, I claim a foreigner's privilege to prefer him (perhaps wrongly) in the dramatic monologues from *Cinna*, *Athalie*, and *L'Avare*, which are admirably characterised and as rounded as pieces of music. The verse includes La Fontaine's *La Laitière et le Pot au lait*, Hugo's *Oceano Nox*, and Lamartine's *Les Deux Harpes*; the prose extracts are from Pascal, Rousseau and Chateaubriand.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 903

**Set by Thomas Smallbones**

Competitors are invited to submit a rhymed apologia for the seven deadly sins. Not more than 14 lines. Entries by June 24th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 900

**Set by Saint-Loup**

A patriotic Member of Parliament having demanded that the bill of fare in the House of Commons restaurant be entirely in English, competitors are invited to suggest appropriate translations of *mayonnaise, fond d'artichaut, meunière, meringue, mille-feuille, charlotte russe, vol-au-vent, pâté maison* and *à la carte*.

**Report by Saint-Loup**

The patriotic M.P. was only following the example of the Germans who tried, characteristically humourless, to purify their language from all foreign terms. (I hope that we are not next to be summoned to surrender *fresco, verandah* and *pyjama!*) A number of competitors plumped for political allusions, which, though not what I asked for, I should gaily accept if they were amusing. Others succeeded in making delicacies sound detestable—"Cordon Bleu," for instance suggested Eggol for mayonnaise and household paste for pâté maison, while G.M. proposes offal pasties for vol-au-vent. Agreeable possibilities are Artichokes Charles I (Allan M. Laing), Flutter puff for vol-au-vent (H. S. Murray), Sugared Swan's egg for meringue (M. Lancaster). "Specialist" offers Minorcan Lady Sauce for mayonnaise, which is said to have been invented by the chef taken by the Duc de Richelieu to the siege of Port Mahon. Guy Innes and S. C. Southern both suggest Leafmoulds for meringues. I recommend two guineas each to L. E. J. and William Bliss, half a guinea each to R. S. Jaffray and E. Carran.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mayonnaise | .. | Marquee Sauce. |
| Fond d'artichaut | .. | Underchoke. |
| Meunière | .. | Revuedeville. |
| Meringue | .. | Mawkish Delight. |
| Mille-feuille | .. | Stratajam. |
| Charlotte russe | .. | Knouted Cream. |
| Vol-au-vent | .. | Chicken Crinoline. |
| Pâté maison | .. | Mock Goose-liver. |
| A la Carte | .. | Hang the expense! |

L. E. J.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mayonnaise | .. | Egg-Salading. |
| Fond d'artichaut | .. | Artibums. |
| Meunière | .. | Lemon-and-Batter, *Mrs. Miller*. |
| Meringues | .. | Sea-foam Sugar-shells. |
| Mille-feuille | .. | Puff-pastry, Gossamer. |
| Charlotte russe | .. | Cream-cake Charlotte. |
| Vol-au-vent | .. | Flyaway Pasties. |
| Pâté maison | .. | House-scrape Humbug. |
| A la carte | .. | By the Bill-of-fare. |

WILLIAM BLISS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mayonnaise | .. | Tinned salmon with cotton-seed oil and dried egg. |
| Fond d'artichaut | .. | Carrot-stub soup. |
| Meunière | .. | Frozen cod, and messy at that. |
| Meringue | .. | Reconstituted egg with Saccharin. |
| Mille-feuille | .. | Dandelion leaves. |
| Charlotte russe | .. | Baking powder sponge with turnip jam and whipped whale-oil. |
| Vol-au-vent | .. | Rabbit hash. |
| Pâté maison | .. | Resurrection pie. |
| A la carte | .. | Off. |

R. S. JAFFRAY

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mayonnaise | .. | Soya bean flour paste. |
| Fond d'artichaut | .. | Cow cabbage stalks. |
| Meunière | .. | Out of a tin. |
| Meringue | .. | Soya bean flour paste burnt. |
| Mille-feuille | .. | Soya bean (substitute) flour paste charred. |
| Charlotte russe | .. | National bread and soya bean flour paste steamed. |
| Vol-au-vent | .. | Soya bean flour paste and pilchard heads out of a tin. |
| Pâté maison | .. | As above. |
| A la carte | .. | Take it or leave it. |

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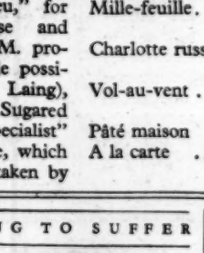

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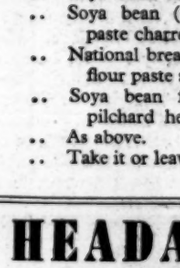

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B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Assistant Senior Education Officer of Central Council for School Broadcasting. Person appointed will act as deputy to Senior Education Officer in direction and supervision of work of number of Education Officers throughout U.K. Good academic qualifics. and exp. of teaching in schools essential. Pending settlement of Corporation's post-war establishment now proceeding, post will be non-established. Max. starting sal. (consolidated) £850 p.a., rising to £1,100 p.a., annual increment £50. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, together with further details of post and information on Superannuation of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms June 28. Envelope marked "Education."

APPLICS. invited for 2 posts of Assist. Keeper (I) and one post of Assist. Keeper (II) at Tate Gallery. For senior posts candidates must be at least 30 and under 45 yrs. of age on April 1, 1947, though upper age limit may be relaxed in favour of candidates with exceptional qualifics. Sal. is on scale £700 rising by annual increments of £25 to £900, and thereafter by increments of £30 to £1,100. For junior post, candidates must be at least 21 and under 30 yrs. of age on Apr. 1, 1947. Sal. is on scale £330, rising by annual increments of £25 to £600; allowance will be made for age in fixing the initial salary, one increment being added for each completed year of age over 23. For all posts candidates must have University degree with at least second class Hons. or equivalent in cases where Hons. are not awarded. Candidates must be British subjects. Appointments are permanent and subject to usual Civil Service Conditions. Application is open to both men and women. In accordance with normal Civil Service practice the women's scales are somewhat lower than those for men. Forms of applic. and full partics. of appointment, from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 1891, or from Chief Officer, Civil Service Commission, at foll. addresses: (India), 10 Underhill Lane, Delhi; (Egypt), 8 Sharia Tolumbat, Cairo; (Germany), c/o 2nd Echelon, G.H.Q., B.A.O.R. Completed forms to be returned to Civil Service Commission by June 30 for candidates in the U.K., and July 31 for overseas. Candidates overseas whose applic. forms may arrive later than July 31 for reasons beyond their control, should write direct to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., W.1 (giving full details of age, nationality, education, qualifics., exp., and war service, and quoting No. 1891) before that date, as well as completing and forwarding the applic. form.

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APPLICS. invited for full-time post of Editor of "Home and Country," the official journal of the National Federation of Women's Institutes. Post is open to women only. Starting salary £400-£450 according to exp. Pref. will be given to candidates who have a knowledge of country conditions. Applics., stating age, exp. and enclosing copies of testimonials, must reach the N.F.W.I. office, 39 Eccleston St. S.W.1, by June 30.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Educ. Cttee. Further Education. Applics. invited from men and women with suitable qualifics. and exp. for post of Leader in the Grantchester and Bourn Valley Area of the County. Person appointed will be required to develop Further Education (incl. the Service of Youth) in the area and to be responsible for Youth Centres. Salary Scale: Men, £360×£15—£405, plus bonus £59 16s. p.a.; Women, £330×£15—£375, plus bonus £48 2s. p.a. Further partics. and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, may be obtained by sending a stamped add. foolscap env. to Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

ST. Pancras Borough Council. Public Libraries Dept. Applics. from Chartered Librarians invited for follg. appointments which will be included in the Admin., Professional and Technical Division of National Joint Council's Scheme of Conditions of Service. Particulars of the grades and salary scales applicable and exp. necessary are as follows: Assistant Librarians, Grade I—Salary scale £350-£15-£395 p.a. Must have a thorough knowledge of all routine duties, and have had exp. of home-reading departments, reference library work, and all other departmental activities of a modern public library service. Assistant Children's Librarians, Grade II—Salary scale £380-£15-£425 p.a. Must have had wide exp. of work with young people and in modern children's library methods and activities, including story hours, lectures, discussion groups, play-reading circles, and other extension work. Above-mentioned scales are inclusive of London Weighting and subject to cost of living addition (at present £59 16s. and £48 2s. p.a. for males and females resp.). Appointments will be subject to provisions of Natl. Joint Council's Scheme, as adopted by Borough Council, and Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Successful applicants required to pass medical exam. Travelling exps. of candidates selected for interview will be paid in accordance with the National Joint Council's regulations and scale of allowances. Council are unable to assist in provision of housing accomm. Canvassing of members of the Borough Council, directly/indirectly, strictly prohibited and will be deemed to disqualify. Applics. by letter, suitably endorsed, must reach R. C. E. Austin, Town Clerk, St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd. N.W.1, by June 28, 1947. Applicants must state their age, qualifics. and exp., with particulars of past and present employment, and should submit copies of 3 recent testimonials.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Applics. invited from persons not less than 21 years of age for the Permanent Appointment of Social Worker at the Blythe Mansions Community Centre. Duties include the general supervision of the Community Centre and the co-ordination of all the educational, recreational and social activities. Salary will be £350×£15—£395 p.a., plus cost of living bonus at present amounting to £48 2s. for females and £59 16s. for males. Applic. forms may be obtained from the Housing Manager, Housing Department, 220 Upper St. Islington, and must be returned by June 21, 1947.

READING Homemaking Centres Cttee. (in assoc. with Reading Educ. Cttee.) propose to establish experimental Home Making Centres to which householders can go for help and advice on all physical and social problems of Home-making. Applics. invited from suitably qualified women for the pioneer work of starting at least one such Centre. Applicants should have Domestic Sci. or similar qualifics. Salary will be in accordance with Burnham Scale (£270×£12—£420) with a special responsibility allowance of at least £60. Applic. forms and further partics. may be obtained from P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St. Reading, to whom they should be returned within next 2 weeks.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Borthwick Training College, 83 New Kent Rd., S.E.1, Domestic Bursar (woman) to be responsible to the Principal for the domestic organisation of the college, including catering and supervision of domestic staff. The college accommodates 120 resident and 70 non-resident women student teachers. Appointment is a temporary one of about 2 years' duration. Salary £350 p.a. plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms from Education Officer (I.S.D/39), County Hall, S.E.1. (1595.)

MASTER reqd. in September. Middle or lower school work general subjects. Permanent res. post small public school. Box 7532.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

ST. James Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disease, Portsmouth. Vacancies exist for a few well educated women to train in mental nursing. Salary £75 for first year, with free board residence, uniform, laundry and tuition. 48-hour week with four weeks' annual holiday with pay. Anyone interested in, or experienced with, difficult children would have possibilities of further training with a view to specializing in this branch of work. Apply to the Matron, St. James Hospital, Milton, Portsmouth.

NEIGHBOURHOOD Worker (Woman) reqd. at Residential Settlement. Duties include supervision of students of Social Science, Family Case work and Care Committee visiting. Applicants should have degree or Social Sci. Diploma. Apply first instance, Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire St. Peckham, S.E.15.

DERBY Educ. Cttee. Homelands School for Girls (Secondary Grammar—550 pupils). Reqd. in September, Assistant Mistress to share in the teaching of Mathematics and Music throughout the School. An interest in games is desirable. Salary, Burnham Scale. Applics., no form issued, giving date of birth, details of qualifics., exp., etc., tog. with copies of 3 recent testims., to be sent at once to C. Middleton, Director of Educ., Education Office, Council House, Corporation St. Derby.

LECTURERS reqd., one man and one woman, for speaking in school on the humane treatment of animals. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Candidates must be under 35 years of age and be prepared to travel about the country. Apply by letter only to "Lecturer," R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn St. S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY House, Birmingham (Univ. Hall of Residence for 150 women students). Cook-Caterer reqd. mid-August; college training and exp. large-scale catering (including costing and M.O.F. returns) essential. Comm. salary £250 with residence. Applics. should be sent, within two weeks of the appearance of this notice, to the Warden, University House, Edgbaston Park Rd. Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Head Matron reqd. for progressive girls' boarding school. S.R.N. qualification essential, although applicants must be interested in health rather than illness, and in the general educational development of girls aged 12-18. Candidates must have had some school experience, and possess initiative and organising ability. Salary £200-£275 resident.

LONDON Co-op. Society, Ltd., req. Staff Trainer in Dry Goods Depts. Applics. (either sex) should have working knowl. of such depts. as Drapery, Men's Wear, Footwear, Hardware, Furnishing: able to demonstrate merchandise and correct approach to customers; and be reqd. to instruct staff in Society's internal systems, (e.g., stock control, cash systems, etc.). Exp. in Co-op. Movement an advantage. Successful applicant will spend a prelim. period studying Society's organisation. Commencing sal. according to qualifics., but not less than £400 p.a. Applic. forms from Acting Staff Manager, London Co-op. Society, Ltd., 54, Maryland St. Stratford, E.15.

VACANCY for a Clerical Assistant to Sales Manager in firm of national advertisers selling horticultural appliances, offices in Surrey. Applics. invited from candidates of either sex, between 20-25, who have had some prev. exp. in advertising world. Some kndge. of printing and blockmaking trades an adv. Please telephone Personnel Manager, Chertsey 2281, for appointment for interview.

TWO writers, actively engaged in film production, moving with daughter aged 11 to charming sml. house 10 mls. from Oxford Circus, urgently req. expert cook-housekeeper capable taking full responsibility running house incl. engagement and control other staff. Widow or married couple with child of similar age welc. Write giving fullest partics., Box 7464.

CAN any lady recommend her really good nannie to look after 2 boys aged 4 yrs. and 16 mths. respectively. Country house on bus route in Kent 16 mls. London. Good home-grown food. Livestock kept, two resident staff, one daily. Tel. Farnborough, Kent 3349.

### Appointments Wanted

MARRIED woman with small child (husband out all day) seeks post as housekeeper, caretaker, or secretary (several years' experience American Express abroad). Essential live in, with 1-2 good rooms. Box 7688.

MARRIED couple, qualified experienced teachers; one, or both, would run, or teach in, school or nursery school, where living accom. B.M./G.E.B.E., London.

CAMBRIDGE woman grad. History, 21, speaks French, sks. int. wk. Eng./abroad. Organising, tutoring, research, etc. Box 6827.

INTELLIGENT and well-educated young woman sks. post as private secretary. Excellent qualifics. and experience. Box 6826.

VERSATILE energetic Army Sergeant demob. June, sks. remun. post, exp. Theatre, Journalism, Welfare Organisational. Box 6800.

WOMAN, 30, exp. in commercial offices, 8 years' School Sec., Research Asst. M.O.I., some kndge. French, German, interested Art, Socialism, reqs. post of trust. Box 6717.

MAN 26 sks. post alone or with wife, 4 yrs. prof. exp. univ. training in Yth. Service. Now Warden Internat. Student Centre. Wife, grad.. Dom./Soc. Sc. Box 6750.

LADY, supervisor, school meals, trained cook, seeks part-time residential post for whole of August. Box 6714.

### Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

CONWAY Chambers. Furn. Serv. Rooms. Just opened, redecorated throughout. Reasonable. 61-62, Leinster Sq. W.2.

LET Furnished, July 9-31. Modern cottage in Sussex wood. 8gns. p.w. Box 7878.

### Accommodation—continued

FURN. accom. to let in pleasant W. London flat, business girl only. Every convenience. Box 6765.

FURN. hse. North Essex village to let June, July, 3 rec. 5 bedrms., walled garden, company's electricity, water, electric cooker, rent 7gns. p.w., refs. exch. Box 7587.

TORQUAY. Charming 6-7 rooms furn. house to let year or longer. Big garden. Main road. Write V.H., 3 Telegraph Hill, N.W.3.

EIRE. For sale. In Yeats country, near Sligo, delightful small residence, 6 apts., bath h. & c., el., lake and mountain scenery, fishing, local fuel supply, almost 1 acre lovely garden; perfect writer, sporting country lover. Bargain £1,250. Box 6838.

TO Let, s.c. 3rd flr. Chelsea flat, rt. £85, 3 rooms, k. and b. rms., in exchange for maisonette or preferably larger London flat with lift or nearer ground flr. Box 6618.

SMALL modern house with garden (Bexley-heath) for only £1,400 in exch. for family flat London. Rent about £100. Box 6791.

UNFURN. flat desperately needed anywhere London, reasonable rent. Douglas, FRI. 3523 or 38 Woodville Gdns. W.5.

ACCOM. wanted London in private family for Indian students Box 6748.

NORTHALLERTON. Prof. man, wife, no children req flat/bse./rooms pref. unfurn. from Aug. Willing mind children 2-3 evgs. week. Any suggestions? Box 6775.

EX-SERV. Univ. Stud. prog. wife and child, desp. req. accom. furn./unfurn. in/nr. Glasgow. Wife will give services. Box 6745.

### Where to Stay and Restaurants

BOURNEMOUTH'S loveliest private hotel, "Miramar," East Overcliff. H. & C. basins, telephones all bedrooms, lift, lock-ups, night porter. Resident Proprietors. Bournemouth 1081.

HOLIDAYS in Surrey. Write for brochure to Pinecroft, Lingfield, Surrey.

SOUTH Downs, Hyde Manor, Kingston, nr. Lewes. Good food, country house comfort. H. & c. in bedrooms. Reg. club. Garage. Splendid walking centre. Phone Lewes 36.

S. DEVON. Three or four P.Gs. received for holidays in private family, charming old house and gardens, all mod. conveniences, own fruit, vegetables and eggs. From 4gns. Box 6757.

TO Let, Aug. 6 to Sept. 2. Furn. country house in Cotswolds. 700ft. alt. All mod. conv. 4 bedrooms, garage, use fruit, veget. garden, hens. 6gns. wkly. Box 6793.

ILFRACOMBE. Board Residence. Comfortable; personal supervision. Nr. station. Palmer, 7 Western Terr. Good views. On bus route. Moderate.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Open all year round. Facing south and by the sea. Bathing from hotel. H. and c. in all bedrooms. Tel.: Bude 147.

LEAMINGTON Spa. Dble. bedroom (Slumberland bed), priv. sitting-rm., piano, radio, mod. house. Convenient stns., bus routes. Breakfast, dinner. £3 10s. per wk. Box 5392.

PENRALLT, Trefriw. Hill-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, heart of Welsh mountains. Remote position nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Good food. Friendly, informal atmos. 4/5 gns. Bonner, Llanrwst 166.

HOVE, Rivington, Cromwell Rd., ½ acre, eggs, garden produce. Sth. balconies overlook Sussex cricket ground. H. and c., close sea.

WALKING and Climbing Types. Ardarroch, Ballachulish, nr. Glencoe, provides acc. and good food, from 4gns. S.a.e. for reply.

HOLIDAYS in N. Wales in beautiful country house within easy reach of fine beach; excel. centre for mountain tours in Snowdonia, all comf., very gd. food. 5½gns. May, June, Sept.; 6gns. July, Aug., all incl. Write: Mount Hazel, Llanwnda, nr. Caernarvon.

ANGLESEY. Orchard & Brynhyfryd Guest Houses offer welcome to those seeking comf. accom. for summer/autumn holidays. Also winter residents. Good food, willing service, mod. amenities. Garages. Nr. sea, bus routes. Sec., Brynhyfryd, Beaumaris.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, mod. comfort; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel. Kingham 209.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

RAMSAY Hotel, Clacton. Priv. and Resid. Open all year round. Ideally situated on sea front, overlooking pier and band pavilion. 32 bedrooms, dining room seating 80. Terms on application. Tel.: Clacton 169.

YORK. East Lodge Hotel, St. Peter's Grove. Quiet and comfortable. Tel.: 4934.

FOR Holidays and Honeymoons. A lovely Old World Manor House in Cotswold Country. All modern conveniences. Children welcomed. Brochure: John Humphrey, Oaksey Manor Hotel, Nr. Malmesbury, Wilts. (Stn Kemble, G.W.R.).

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

### Schools

FOR freedom and self-government Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

HURTWOOD School, Peasiake, Guildford, Co-educational day and boarding to 14 yrs. Constructive outlook. Tel.: Abinger 119.

LAGGAN (formerly Hall Manor, Peebles). Co-ed. Individual. International. Glorious West Coast country, easy access from North, South, Ireland, I. of Man. Improved amenities. Write Laggan Ballantrae. Ayrshire, Scotland.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3s. per line (average 6 words). Box number 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216.

### Entertainments

ARTS (Tem. 7341). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7; Sat. and Sun. 5 and 8, "Boys in Brown," by Reginald Beckwith. Produced by Norman Marshall.

OPEN Air Theatre, Regent's Park, Evgs. at 7. Mats. Wed. Th., Sat., 2.30. "Twelfth Night." (Cover if wet.)

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 1947 Festival. Apl. to Sept. Evngs. 7.30. Weds., Sats., 2.30. Box Office, Strat.-on-Avon 3271.

UNITY Theatre Last Perf. "Match Girls," Sunday, June 19. Gorki's "Enemies." EUS. 3391.

"THUNDER Rock" by International Friendship Players at Twentieth Century on June 20 and 21, 7.15 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Box Office, Park 6870.

MERCURY. Par. 5700. O'Neill's "S.S. Glencairn." Evgs. 7.30. Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

SARTRE'S "Les Mouches." Ten private performances at Sheffield International Centre, 14 Wellesley Rd., 'phone 60331. Commencing June 18, 7.30 p.m. Members only.

SADLER'S Wells. Ter. 1672. Ballet Rambert. Evgs. at 7, Mat. Sats. 2.30. Full programme obtainable at Box Office.

RIALTO. Julien Duvivier's "Panique" (A). French with English subtitles. Programmes begin daily at 12.30, 2.55, 5.30 and 8 p.m. Sun. at 4.30 and 7.15.

ZORIAN String Quartet, Stephen Manton, John Willis, at St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. Thurs. next, 6.30. Purcell Fantasias, Britten Quartet No. 2, On Wenlock Edge (Vaughan Williams). Adm. 5s., 3s. 6d., at door, Ibbs & Tillett, Chappell's, or with series details from N. Chovesun, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3. Proceeds in aid of church.

86th Studio Recital of the Committee for the Promotion of New Music and Discussion. Chairman: Michael Tippett. Tues. next, at 6.30. Sally Etard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St. W.1. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Left Book Club. Dance, June 21. Heine Club, 36 Upper Park Rd. N.W.3. Adm. 2s. at door, 7.30-11 p.m.

THE Intervarsity Vacation Club is holding its first two dances on June 20 and June 27 in Chelsea Town Hall, 7.30-11.30. Open to non-members. Mems. 3s. 6d., non-mems. 4s. 6d. Tkts. and details of membership from R. N. Simeone, 106 Aylward Rd, S.W.20.

### Exhibitions

YOUNG British Artists—a collection of contemporary paintings priced at 30gns. or under. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1 Colour—pure and atmospheric.

EUGENE Slatter's 1947 Exhibition: Dutch and Flemish Masters, 30 Old Bond St. W.1. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

PARIS—Galerie Billiet-Caputo, 30 rue La Boëtie. Early and latest paintings by Severini May 21-June 21.

FOYLES Art Gallery: "Art in Medicine." Pictures by Anna Zinkeisen. Dly. 9-6 till June 19 (inc. Sats.).

A COLLECTION of early English water-colours on view at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

ENGLISH Poetry: Original editions from Chaucer to To-day. 11 to 6 daily (Weds. 11 to 8). Adm 2s. 6d. (free to members). National Book League, 7 Albemarle St. W.1.

MARLOWE Galls., 40 Elizabeth St., S.W.1. MSLO. 2933. New paintings by Ernest Amor. June 16-27. Adm. free, 10-5 ex. Sats.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 131-134, New Bond St. W.1. Bonnard and his French Contemporaries. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ANGLO-French Art Centre. Paintings by Claude Venard. 29 Elm Tree Rd. St. John's Wood, N.W.8. CUN. 7854.

INDIAN Trade Exhibition at 22 Lower Regent St., Piccadilly, S.W.1. Daily (Sundays excepted), 11 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Adm. free including film show. Closing date June 28.

SHORT Pockets: No. 2. Second Exhibition of reasonably priced original oils and water-colours by artists of the younger generation may be seen at the Phœnix Gallery, 38 William IV St. W.C.2. Until June 24. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Treasure Hunt: Exhibn. of Paintings from Collectors and Studios at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill. June 21 to July 18.

WING-Commdr. E. H. Bellairs. Landscape Paintings of Algeria and Morocco. Gallery of Fine Art, 98 Sydney St. S.W.3.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11. PAR. 8761. Recent Paintings by Borough Group (including some rejects from the London Group's current exhibition). June 2-28. 10-6 p.m. incl. Sundays.

THE Eccleston Galleries, 20 Eccleston St. S.W.1. Drawings by Old and Modern Masters, Water-colours by Brabazon, selected paintings during June/July, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

"UNITING the Dispersed"—pictorial account of a great humanitarian effort, which aroused outstanding interest. How the European Tracing Office of the World Jewish Congress re-unites families, separated by war and persecution. Open daily from 3-9 p.m. until June 23, at Maccabi House, 73 Compayne Gdns. N.W.6. Adm. free.

EXHIBITION of Modern Men's Wear—at Austin Reed of Regent Street. New Ideas about Clothes. Daily 9.30-5 (Saturdays 9.30-12.30). from June 3-28.

### Lectures and Meetings

NEW Man Society, June 19, 7.30. Kingsway Hall, W.C.2. Open discussion on "Civilisation and the Atom Bomb." All welcome.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. June 15, at 11 o'clock. Ursula Edgcumbe: "The life so short, the craft so long to learn."

### Lectures and Meetings—continued

COMMUNITY Centre, 3 Clifton Gardens, Warwick Avenue Tube, W.9. CUN. 3232. Brains Trust every Wednesday at 8.0. Headlines—commentary and discussion on week's events every Friday at 8.0. Visitors cordially invited. Refreshments obtainable.

ANDREW Rothstein on "The Individual in the Soviet Union." June 17, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Adm. 6d. Org. by Hampstead Anglo-Soviet Friendship Society.

10-30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. June 24, Central Hall, Westminster. Youth Conference on Parliament, a.m. Commander Stephen King-Hall. p.m. Brains Trust: Sir Wm. Darling, M.P., Richard Crossman, M.P., Frank Byers, M.P., Wm. Gallacher, M.P., W. J. Brown, M.P. Question Master: Stephen King-Hall. Limited number of general public spectator tickets available 7s. 6d. each. Apply Hansard Society, 162 Buckingham Palace Rd. S.W.1.

THE Astrological Approach to Psychology: Lecture by Mrs. E. H. Hone, Fri., June 20, 7 p.m. Kings Weigh House Church, Binney St. W.1.

ANGLO-French Art Centre. Lecture, "Kaika," by Maurice Desselle. Fri., June 20, 8.30. 29 Elm Tree Rd. N.W.8. CUN. 7854.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St. W.1. "The 'isms' of Modern Painting," illustrated lecture by Henry Roland, Ph.D. (of Roland, Browse & Delbanco). Mon., June 16, at 8.15 p.m. Non-members 1s.

MARTIN Buber will meet the Personalist Group to answer questions and for informal discussion. Thurs., June 19, at 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, 20 Bloomsbury Way. Adm. 2s. 6d. Non-members invited.

KING-Hall v. Gallacher. Commdr. Stephen King-Hall debates United States of Europe with Wm. Gallacher, M.P. All invited. Thurs., June 19, at 6 p.m. Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Pl., Cavendish Sq., W.1 (behind D. H. Evans). Mems. free, visitors 3s. 6d. Org. by Progressive Business Men's Forum.

CZECHOSLOVAK Institute, 6 Upper Belgrave St. S.W.1. June 16 and 23, 6.30 p.m. Two lectures by Prof. Milos Sova with illustrations from Czech and Slovak Literature. Chairman: Paul Selver.

RACIAL Relations Group (Inst. of Sociol.). June 20, 6.15. Friends House, Euston Rd. F. L. Whelen on the work of U.N. Commn. on Human Rights. Visitors welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Left Book Club. George Brown, M.P. "Future Economic Situation." June 25, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns. N.W.3. Adm. 6d.

KEEP Left! Stop the American Dollar's drive to dominate the world! Build closer friendship with the democratic peoples of Europe! An opportunity to correct Margate's mistake. Thurs., June 19, 7 p.m. Kingsway Hall, W.C. Bill Rust, Wal. Hannington, Ted Bramley, Alan Bush—all recently back from visits to the Continent—will speak. Adm. 6d. Tickets at door, or from 15 Greek St. W.1.

PERSONALIST Group. Paul de Gaudemar on "Personalism, Marxism and Existentialism." June 16, at 8 Endsleigh Gardens, W.C.1, at 7.30.

WILL the National Health Service be delayed in London by staff shortages in our hospitals? The Communist Party has a policy to beat this crisis. Come with friends to hear Ted Bramley, Secretary of London District Communist Party, and Member of L.C.C. Hospitals Ctee. Tues., June 24, 8 p.m. Small Hall, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1.

NEW Europe Group. Open meeting at Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, off Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1, on Tues., June 17, at 8.15 p.m. Dr. Martin Buber (Prof. at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem) on "Proudhon and the Rebuilding of Society."

SAVE the Countryside! Rally on Hackhurst Downs nr. Shere, Surrey. Sun., June 22, 2.30. Spkrs.: Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Tom Stephenson. All ramblers and other country-lovers welcome. Ramblers Assn., 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. June 15: Joseph McCabe, "Contemporary Pessimism."

THEOSOPHY Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl. Marble Arch. June 15, "Theosophy and Food Reform." Question-Answer, Wednesdays; Study Class, Fridays; 8 p.m. All welc. No fees or collections.

WEEKLY Lectures on Current Affairs. Complete programme and fees on application. Next week: Tues, June 17, 5.45 p.m., "The Government's Financial Policy." Wed., June 18, 5.45 p.m. "British Strategic Commitments." Davies's (Civil Service Tutors). 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7 (WRS. 6564).

"THE Value of Experience," Mrs. L. H. Leslie-Smith. Sunday, June 15, 7. The Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

INSTITUTE for Experimental Metaphysics, Ltd. (Psychic Investigation), Walton House, Walton St. S.W.3. Ken. 6865. June 18, 2.30 p.m. Demonstration of Clairvoyance. By Arthur Bhaduri. Entrance fee 2s. Teas at popular prices.

INTERNATIONAL Consultative Conference on Human Rights. Public Meeting on Human Rights. Chairman, Lord Faringdon. Speakers from All-India T.U.C., Federation of Trade Unions of Chinese Liberated Areas, Czech Journalists' Union, League of Polish Women, Chicago Civil Liberties Committee, Union of Intellectuals of the French Resistance Movement, Latin-American Confederation of Labour, etc. Holborn Hall, Mon., June 16, 7.30. Adm. 1s. Res. seats 2s. 6d. Org. by Nat. Council for Civil Liberties.

### Lectures Courses and Specialised Training

INSTITUTE of Public Administration. Conference on Public Corporation. June 26-30. Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Mr. Herbert Emmerich (Chicago), Dr. W. A. Robson (L.S.E.), Sir Arthur Street (N.C.B.), Sir Henry Self (Ministry of Civil Aviation). Fee for course, £3 15s. Applic. without delay to Director, I.P.A., 18 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

THE Seventh Roel Summer School of Puppetry will be held at Temple Guiting in the Cotswolds from August 16-30. Details from Secretary, Roel Summer School, Guiting Power, nr. Cheltenham.

MADAME Irene Ainsley. Prima Donna, leading Opera Companies; Pupil Madame Mathilde Marchesi, of Paris. Recommended by the late Dame Nellie Melba for Voice Production and Singing. Interviews Mon., Wed., Fri., at Cramer's, 139 Bond St.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietetian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Sh-hnds., success, postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Com., LL.B., B.D. Mod. fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

### Typing and Translations

DICTATION, Duplicating, Copying, Translations promptly and efficiently executed. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, Abbey House, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 3771.

TYPEWRITING, mod. charges. Specialists bad writing, 500 testimonials. Estab 1909. Coppin, 195 Markhouse Rd. E.17. KEY. 4531.

ENGL., French, German—Transl. Typing, MSS. Any subject. Quick, reliable. Sims, 82 Hillside Gdns., N.6. Mou. 7048.

### Personal

2 LUXEMBURG students (girls), 27, 28, seek holiday posts as nursery governesses, July-August, in British seaside resort. Box 7776.

EX-RADAR Boffin, now student, seeks vacation job, Aug.-Sept., London. Arts, Music, Technical writing. Box 6796.

WELL-educated Swiss girl aged 20 desires holiday post English family beginning July; help with children. Write Vincent Hubert, Hotel de la Paix, Geneva.

ANGLO-American group voyaging world in yacht offer fortnightly letter about travel, etc.; photographs; stamps. Details from 36 Morland Avenue, East Croydon.

YOUNG man 2ks. London home in return evening duties or companionship (i.e. for invalid). Box 6769.

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TO let for month of August attractive 4-bedroomed furn. house Esher, Surrey. Replies to Simons 4 London Fruit Exchange, E.1.

DESIGNER (stage, comm. art and illustr.) wants agent with first class connections. Box 6716.

ARE you interested in receiving French Students: As paying guests, au pair or on exchange basis. For information, S. Humbert, Esq., 5, rue Mayran, Paris, 2.

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CONTACT Lenses. Consultations by appointment, Central London. Box 5925.

### Personal—continued

PHILIP Humphreys (formerly of 5 Thurloe Square) has removed to 42 Pont St., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. His telephone number—Kensington 3042—remains unaltered.

HEARD-Huxley Group. Secretary, "Merville," Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

"SE comprendre, c'est le gaîr.' The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation, and tuition in all foreign languages Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9595.

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CONNOISSEURS of antiques and fine art should order the Special Extra Antique Dealers' Fair Number of "The Connoisseur," ready in June. This 138-page souvenir issue contains a fully illus. descriptive and historical record of outstanding exhibits at the Fair, with fine colour plates. From Bookshops/stalls, 10s.; or 10s. 9d. direct from Publishers, 30 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

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### Examinations

UNITED Nations.—Examinations for (A) Translators; (B) Stenographers; (C) Typists; for the Russian Translation Section of the United Nations Secretariat will be held shortly. The object of the examination will be to constitute lists of qualified candidates for each category. Candidates should have Russian as their mother-tongue. (A) Translators should have a University education or the equivalent and should possess a perfect Russian style and a first-class knowledge of English. Ability to translate from French or Spanish into Russian is a valuable additional qualification. Starting salary 3,770 to 6,600 dollars p.a., tax free (according to qualifics.), plus allowances. (B) Stenographers should be able to take dictation in Russian at 90 words per minute and to transcribe into correct Russian on a typewriter. Starting salary 2,160 dollars p.a., tax free, plus allowances. (C) Typists should be able to copy difficult texts with corrections in neat form without grammatical mistakes. Required speed 40 words per minute. Starting salary 2,160 dollars p.a., tax free, plus allowances. Applics., accompanied by full curriculum vitæ, should be made before June 18 to the United Nations Examination Board, Russell Square House, Russell Sq. W.C.1.

### Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica 14th, 1939, £35, or nearest; Frazer's Golden Bough, 12 vols. 3rd, £13; "Forever Amber," highest offer over £3; Various French 19th-C. illustrated works, including Rabelais, Balzac, Voltaire; Gown and Hood, University of Wales, B.A.; 4-bank portable typewriter, new, £40; Canvas Print, 19in. × 16in., painted, varnished, "Eloisa," by A. C. Pogh, 1792, also frame: best offer; Continental Silenta Typewriter, No. 729147, full English keyboard and eight extra German characters: offers over £35.

WANTED: Baedeker's North-east, North-west, or Complete Germany; Mayo—Human Problems Industrial Civilization; Müret Sanders German-English, English-German Dictionary; Autographic Album or Autographic Mirror, plates by Netherclift; "Political Quarterly," October, 1944; Honey Buff Tea-cups; Czech Linguaphone records; Riding Boots, size 8½; Three Tyres, 19 × 4.50 or 4.75; Auto-cycle; "Health Mine" Juice Extractor; Modern Silver Tea Set; Royal or Underwood typewriter; Typewriter: Royal or other good make.

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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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## CONTENTS

| | Page |
|---|---|
| COMMENTS | 445 |
| EUROPE AND MR. MARSHALL | 447 |
| FRENCH DEMOCRACY | 448 |
| A LONDON DIARY. By Critic | 448 |
| THIS ENGLAND | 449 |
| A TRUST ON TRIAL. By Edmund Penning-Rowsell | 450 |
| VISIT TO POLAND. By Betty Morgan | 451 |
| FILMS AND QUOTAS. By Norman MacKenzie | 451 |
| THE WORD. By Dorothy Baker | 452 |
| THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: | Page |
| Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West | 452 |
| Hindemith. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor | 453 |
| The Movies. By William Whitebait | 453 |
| Current Shows. By Roger Marvell | 454 |
| Ballet des Champs Elysées. By Beryl de Zoete | 454 |
| CORRESPONDENCE | 454 |
| From Cahir Healey; Desmond Donnelly; J. F. Burns; C. E. Hodge; D. N. Pritt, M.P.; James E. Wright; K. F. Child; David Gunston; Sir Osbert Sitwell; and Olga Somech Phillips. | |
| BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer | 457 |
| REVIEWS: | |
| Russia and the West. By Kingsley Martin | 458 |
| Terror By Night. By G. W. Stonier | 458 |
| Voices from the Church. By Sidney Dark | 459 |
| Bric-a-Brac. By Robin King | 460 |
| Frank Thompson. By Norman MacKenzie | 461 |
| WEEK-END COMPETITIONS | 462 |

## THE MINISTER AND THE HOUSEWIFE

THE Food Estimates, presented by John Strachey to the Cabinet, are still under consideration. Some Ministers, in view of the rate of dollar expenditure, are trying to cut these estimates drastically. In this way they hope to make the Loan last a little longer and to convince the Americans that we deserve another.

We cannot accept this view. Any cut in food imports, sufficient to affect the dollar situation, would reduce output in the factories. We should probably lose as much in reduced exports as we won in dollar savings. That is why the only sane thing to do is to maintain our rations at the present level so long as the dollars are there; to continue to seek for alternative sources of supply in soft currency areas; and meanwhile to tell the Americans that we shall cut all other imports and reduce our Forces abroad before we cut rations.

Talking in public on this issue Ministers seldom hit the right note. The critical shortage of dollars is a fact which would face any government, and the public must understand the need for austerity. But gloom is not itself a spur to production or despondency a stimulus to morale. Mr. Marquand prophesies that "food rations may well be cut in half if the production drive fails." The worst of such statements, unless combined with constructive hope, is that they defeat their own object. We all know that no spurt in production now can bridge the gap between imports and exports. If food cuts come, they will not be owing to a failure of effort by the British worker, even less by the British housewife, but to factors completely outside their control. And they will not readily be persuaded that the factors are also outside the control of Ministers.

Jeremiads, moreover, play into the hands of the Housewives' League, and drive the decent non-political woman into listening to its hysterical claptrap. Sir Stafford has replied with a well-merited rebuke to an unpatriotic campaign, but his reply would have been more effective if he could have added the assurance that, if cuts have to be made, food will come last on the list.

On this point John Strachey might do well to study the technique of Lord Woolton. Whatever his qualities as a Party organiser—and Lord Beaverbrook seems to doubt them—as Food Minister, Lord Woolton succeeded in convincing the British housewife that he represented her personally in the Cabinet. True, his job was far easier than Mr. Strachey's. He had lend-lease food to distribute; all the press was on his side, and his Ministry was staffed with experts, many of whom have since returned to private enterprise. But there is still a lesson to be learnt: that the prime duty of a Minister of Food is to win the confidence of the housewives.

Mr. Strachey's defect is his conscientious concentration on administration. He works manfully, and he assumes that his labours will tell their own tale. But in politics—especially when you are faced by a largely hostile press—virtue is never its own reward. The Minister of Food has a fine record of achievement in the face of appalling difficulties: to tell it would be a far better incentive to production than the "Work or Want" campaign, and a far better answer to the propaganda of the Housewives' League.

How many housewives, for instance, know of the remarkable successes achieved by the Ministry through bulk purchase of wheat, sugar, and meat? By striking shrewd bargains last year on a rising market, Mr. Strachey has saved the country many millions of pounds and ensured a regular flow of imports at prices far below the prevailing level. The ground-nuts scheme in Central Africa is now receiving its merited publicity. But we doubt whether many housewives, who complain of rising prices, realise exactly what it would cost them to buy their weekly rations in America or what their problem would be if, instead of queueing in England, they had to shop on the free market in Paris or Rome.

But we cannot live by rations alone. Most housewives, however reluctantly, admit the advantages of rationing, including bread rationing. Most accept the desirability of canteen and school meals by which millions of workers and children are ensured a good midday meal. Their complaints are chiefly about the scarcity and price of unrationed foods. They blame the Minister for wasting dollars on luxury fruits and expensive vegetables and for not controlling the prices.

Here again the facts are all on Mr. Strachey's side—if only they were known. In the last fifteen months, over two-thirds of the fruit imported into this country consisted of apples, bananas, oranges, grapefruit and lemons, purchased in bulk by the Ministry, sold at controlled prices, and allocated fairly between the different parts of the country. Of these only the apples and grapefruit came from dollar areas. Just twenty per cent of imported fruit was sold without price control, for the most part pineapples, peaches, tangerines, etc. from soft currency countries which could send us nothing else in return for our goods.

It is often asked why the Minister does not take over the import of all fruits and control the price of vegetables as well. Mr. Strachey would do well to explain bluntly that when goods are in very short supply—at the height of the fuel crisis, for instance, only 5 per cent of the normal supply of vegetables reached the market—price control simply sends them under the counter. The choice is between a little available at decontrolled prices and nothing available at controlled prices. Moreover, free enterprise in the sale of fruit and vegetables pays the housewife. It breaks the price rings which are bound to form under controlled private enterprise. During the winter, for instance, tangerines, which were uncontrolled, fell from eight shillings to 1*s.* 6*d.* a pound, and pineapples which started at 25*s.* each dropped to 5*s.* As a good Socialist, Mr. Strachey rightly desires either bulk purchase *and* distribution by the State or a genuine free market, subject to the laws of supply and demand. What he detests is the halfway house of control and he will be well advised to do away with it as fast as circumstances permit.

The housewife needs neither homilies to work harder nor calorific calculations to prove that she is better off than before the war. What she requires is the confidence of the Minister. He has nothing to conceal from her and she is willing to give him her confidence if he will explain to her what he is doing and why he is doing it.